

Sports Illustrated

MAY 12, 1969 30 CENTS

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Jet-Radan, the new Radial

Contents

MAY 12, 1969 Volume 30, No. 19

Cover photograph by Steady & Long

14 A Royal Neck for Bill's Fifth

Tying Eddie Arcaro's record, Bill Hartack won his fifth Kentucky Derby with unbeaten Majestic Prince

20 Here Come the Hitters—Maybe

Statistics for the first month of play show that batting averages are higher, but the pitchers are just warming up

22 The Last Drop in the Bucket

Led by John Havlicek and Jerry West, the Celtics and the Lakers carried their championship fight to the final game

32 Look, Mom! Just Like the Bigs

These Little Leaguers are kid ballplayers everywhere. While the parents squirm, they play it like it is—on TV

38 The Grizzly Bear Murder Case

Jack Olson tells the story of a long August night in Glacier National Park in the hot summer of 1967

64 Put on Your Bracelets, Kathy Is Here

When Kathy Whitworth sets her mind to winning a tournament, the rest of the lady pros might as well go home

72 Your Time, Not Your Dollar

New arenas, and the sports and spectators they attract, are changing the entertainment habits of America

The departments

10 Scorecard

56 People

58 Bridge

61 Hockey

64 Golf

85 For the Record

86 Baseball's Week

88 19th Hole



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Credits on page 85

Next week

MONTY HARVARD, winner of five consecutive Eastern Sprint championships, now has a hot rival in Penn. Hugh Whall reports on this classic crew race over Lake Quispamsund

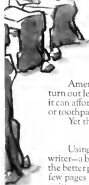
THREE CENTURIES of racing tradition pervade Newmarket, the English town devoted to the Thoroughbred horse. Two British journalists tell the story, photograph it in color.

SCAVENGING for golf balls in water is a \$1-million-a-week business, much of it illegal. Pat Ryan tells how it is done and how country clubs try to prevent it, in depth.

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4



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CONTINENTAL

The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

FOOTLOOSE

Only Columbus and Leif Erikson had as much fun as Loftleidir passengers

Leif Erikson and Columbus would never have believed it, but crossing the Atlantic has become a bit of a bore. The smooth anonymity of jet travel has turned the journey from the Old World to the New into a humdrum ride with rather less excitement than a cross-town bus trip. To relieve the monotony some years back, I considered hitchhiking a place in that transatlantic rowboat with Ridgway and Blith, but they wouldn't have me. Then last summer I hit upon the perfect answer for the traveler who seeks a colorful voyage on a slender budget. I flew the Atlantic in a prop plane that passes only a harpoon's throw from the Arctic Circle from London to New York via Glasgow and Reykjavik, with Icelandic Airlines.

The airline is otherwise known as *Loftleidir*, which students of Old Norse will readily translate as Sky Trails. I had heard stories about the company. How it was started in 1944 by three eager Icelanders with one four-seater plane and \$22,000 in cash between them, hopping at first from one Icelandic fishing village to another. How its dauntless pilots have been known to dig need-bound planes out of glaciers and get them started again. How a New Yorker, stranded in Gander by some mechanical fault in those early days, said, "I expect another of your planes will be along soon to take us," and was told, "I am sorry, sir, but our other aircraft is in Stockholm."

Things have changed since then, but Loftleidir is still the only airline flying the North Atlantic that is privately owned and not subsidized by any government. It boasts a perfect safety record since 1952. Last year it carried more than 185,000 passengers in its five 4-manair-built jet prop planes, plus dozens of glamorous Valkyrie goddesses thinly disguised as stewardesses. Because its Rolls-Royce turboprop engines operate more economically than jets, it can offer bargain transatlantic fares, saving its passengers 15% to 25% on the cost of their flights. Hence its sturdy refusal to join the price-fixing International Air Transport Association, which sets uniform rates for all other transatlantic carriers.

Because of its maverick habits, you feel you're doing something naughty, almost piratical, in flying with Loftleidir. And this helps to create a special atmosphere of camaraderie during a flight. The transatlantic route is long and eccentric, zigging a thousand miles north to Reykjavik then zagging a couple of thousand back again. Sitting shoulder to shoulder six abreast, Icelandic passengers feel they are all in it together brave, pioneering souls who can face up to the discomforts of an arduous journey for the sake of seeing a fascinating country on route.

continued

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FOOTLOOSE continued

An informal survey convinced this Icelandic passenger that one is 80°, more likely to talk to one's next door neighbor on an Icelandic flight than on any other airline—and he or she is 80°, more likely to be worth talking to. You have, at any rate, a ready-made opening gambit, which goes like this: "What on earth made you travel Icelandic?"

On my last flight, the plane was crowded with eager travelers, most of whose passports were stamped *MAGYAR*. Because they hadn't flown before, everything was new to them: seats, seat belts, ventilators, light switches. The Magyars had a hatchet-faced wardress, or tour leader, with them, who explained that Hungarian citizens of pensionable age were allowed by the government to travel to the West, provided their fares and expenses were paid in full by relatives in the U.S. Their visas were mostly six-month visas. "But no doubt," she said smoothly, "many of them will fail to return to Hungary."

We landed in Iceland for a couple of hours, not in Reykjavik but at the international airport at Keflavik. The airport building is the nearest thing the North Atlantic has to a crossroads. Wandering around the lounges in a daze of exhilarated sleeplessness, you meet other zombie-like creatures in the same state. Have they sat sleepless bound east or west? "Which way are you heading?" you ask. Delirious with fatigue they have to think for a moment and do some calculations. No sunset up here to help them: that unblinking Arctic sun is filling the place with glittering light although it's 2 in the morning.

After a time you rebound the plane for the last leg of the journey: Iceland as you leave it in the early morning light is all green and red tin roofs, blue sea and white concrete-hex houses, snow-covered mountains, A-shaped racks where they dry the fish, and the huge reservoirs of Reykjavik's free hot-water supply. Drowsy, you glance at the plastic card in the seat pocket in front of you. It lists *DRY CLEANING, TAXI, or Safety Rules*, but you're too tired to care.

You doze; the Hungarians doze, you eat a couple of breakfasts and listen to announcements in English and Icelandic. And suddenly your head jerks upright, you're awake, with smarting eyes, swollen ankles and furry teeth, and—19 hours after leaving London—here you are at Kennedy Airport.

I have made many, many transatlantic crossings. More bus rides, every one. But this time I feel with the Hungarians—the sense of infinite adventure which arriving in America can give. I think fleetingly of Columbus, but mostly of that other chap before him—yes, Leif Ericson, that's the one. The very first America-bound adventurer to travel Icelandic.

—JANET GRAHAM

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SCORECARD

CHANGING TIMES

There has been a certain amount of buzzing and murmuring on golf courses around the country because Arnold Palmer, no longer Superman (has not won the Masters since 1964, has not won the U.S. Open since 1960, has never won the PGA), is obliged this year to go out and qualify for the Open in sectional play. But Palmer's plight may only be a sign of the times. At the \$100,000 Greater New Orleans tournament last weekend, these prominent golfers did not even make the cut:

Jack Nicklaus	Bert Yancey
Dave Marr	Kel Nagle
Mason Rudolph	Tom Weiskopf
Dave Stockton	Gay Brewer
Charles Coody	Doug Sanders
Jay Hebert	Marty Fleckman

While these golfers did

Jack Harden	Joel Goldstrand
Herb Hooper	Jack McGowan
Larry Hinson	Johnny Stevens
Bobby Stanton	Howell Fraser
Hale Erwin	Bob Mitchell
Bob Menne	George Boutell

Hinson, incidentally, went on to win the tournament.

PENALTY BOX

One of the liveliest bits of news to come out of the 1968-69 hockey season was the great lottery rigging scandal in Montreal. Andre Dandurand, official timekeeper at Canadian games, was charged with having conspired to alter the official time of goals scored to aid the operation of an illegal lottery.

Lotteries based on the precise time that goals are scored are commonplace in Canada, and in metropolitan Montreal they are almost as popular as the numbers racket in the U.S., in which the winning number is based on, for instance, the betting handle at a particular racetrack. In the hockey lottery you buy a ticket with a certain number, say 18:18. If a goal is scored at that time, *voilà*, you win. But Dandurand and his associates were accused of rigging the deal.

Apparently, they would not sell numbers ending in certain digits; let us say that in the drawing you are involved with, they held out all numbers ending in five and zero. Now, a goal is scored, for example, when the clock that shows the time remaining in the 20-minute period reads 1:42. Take one minute and 42 seconds away from 20 minutes and you get 18:18. That's the official time of goal and that's your number, *bébé*. Except that—according to police—Dandurand might be just a little slow stopping the clock—a couple of seconds will do. So the time remaining is now 1:40, and that figures out to 18:20, and that is the official time of goal and that's *not* your number. You don't win and nobody does, except the lottery operators. Until they got caught.

BO BIG

Governor Kenneth M. Curtis of Maine has signed a bill abolishing the six-inch minimum for brook trout, which means any size is legal now. Fisheries biologists had favored doing away with the six-inch minimum because, for one thing, trout from streams and brooks seldom exceed six inches anyway, and most of those under six inches that are hooked and then released die of injury.

ZATOPEK'S FALL

Emil Zatopek had a long run as the free-speaking hero of Czechoslovakia, but he has finally come up against the ruthless force of totalitarian government. Demoted in January from a prestige position in the Ministry of Defense (SCORECARD, Feb. 24), the winner of four Olympic gold medals has now been suspended from his relatively menial post as coach of the Dukla Army Sports Club. The defense ministry, in justifying this treatment of a Czechoslovak national figure, accused Zatopek of "spreading untruthful reports and of action at variance with relevant orders of the Ministry of Defense."

Zatopek was reported to have said,

"I cannot turn my back on my people. I felt it was my moral obligation to speak up." His activities are being officially investigated, but he told a newsmen that he would not care if he went to prison because of his protests.

BRAGAN THE COUTURIER

Bobby Bragan was a colorful character in baseball when he was being evicted from more than 150 games as the manager of teams in Fort Worth, Hollywood, Havana, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Milwaukee and Atlanta. Now he has become a colorful Texas League president. One of the first things Bragan did when he took the job of running the 81-year-old league in March was take his umpires out of their funeral serge suits. Bragan ordered mock turtlebacks, windbreakers,



permanent-press slacks and caps for his umpires and he had them made up in such colors as "triple-play gold," "pop-up blue," "outfield green" and "bullpen brown." The caps are tricolored, and the umpires keep the game balls in checkerboard hip-riding sacks.

"They can mix and match the combinations any way they want to," says Bragan. "But for the sake of our fashion critics, I hope they won't wear their pop-up blue with their bullpen brown."

PROPER CHARLIE

Willie Shoemaker's sackening accident, which took him off Arts and Letters in the Kentucky Derby and sidelined him for at least six months, occurred not long after Diane Crump became the first

of the current crop of lady jockeys to fall during a race. Such accidents—disastrous in Shoemaker's case, happily inconsequential for Miss Crump—are not uncommon at racetracks and ordinarily would have attracted relatively little notice. But because headline performers were involved, the incidents serve as a reminder of the continuing dangers of race riding.

Efforts have been made over the years to minimize those dangers, though nothing could have helped Shoemaker—his horse reared in the paddock and then almost literally sat on him. But in-race injuries have been reduced by crash helmets, for instance, and now an English steeplechase rider named Stan Mellor has helped to develop a kick-proof plastic back protector. Mellor had experienced four severe spine injuries and numerous kidney bruises from being kicked or stepped on by horses passing over him as he lay on the track after falling. But with the lightweight (six ounces) foam polyethylene back pad, Mellor says, "After you fall, you curl up into a ball. You don't have to worry if you get kicked along by the horses behind you." It has already protected Mellor (steeplechase riders fall a lot) from several potentially damaging kicks.

"It's no distraction to wear," says Mellor. "You don't even know you've got it on. You may look a proper Charlie in the changing room, but I'll never ride without it again. It's something every jockey should wear. In future, it's something every jockey will wear."

WOODEN RULES

John Wooden, whose UCLA basketball teams have won five NCAA championships in the last six years, including the last three in succession, has some outspoken things to say about existing basketball rules. For one thing, Wooden suggests that all jump balls be abandoned.

"Jump balls are one of the weakest parts of our game," says Wooden. "I've made a study of it, and you hardly ever see a legal jump ball. Why not let the visiting team take the ball out to start the game and then have the two teams alternate taking it out whenever it is tied up during the game?"

Offensive tip-ins for baskets should be banned too, Wooden argues. "I don't think rebound baskets should be allowed. The man who gets a rebound should be forced to pass it to another

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

man and not be allowed to put it in the goal himself. This also would cut down the number of fouls."

Wooden also thinks the colleges should adopt a time limit, such as the pros have now, for shooting at the basket, and he feels that the dunk shot, which was banned after Lew Alcindor's sophomore season, should be reinstated.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

The New York Yankees, along with other major league clubs, are polling fans, sports writers, broadcasters and others to determine their alltime All-Star team. Last week listeners heard two Yankee broadcasters, Jerry Coleman and Phil Rizzuto, both former ballplayers, discussing their picks over the air. Coleman went through his team first and ended up with his outfield: Mickey Mantle in left, Joe DiMaggio in center, Roger Maris in right. Rizzuto then named his team. When he got to the outfield he said, "I'll go along with you on Mantle and DiMaggio, Jerry, but I've got to say Charlie Keller in right."

Whatever happened to that fat fellow who used to play right field for the Yankees? Hit a lot of home runs once . . . name was Babe something.

SHAPE OF THINGS

Here is the schedule on internal Olympic battles, fans. The Fédération Internationale de Ski meets in Barcelona, Spain, from May 18 to 25, where it will hone ski poles to razor sharpness as it discusses what reaction to take on A. Brundage's request (SCORECARD, May 5) that the FIS see to it that all Olympic medals won in Alpine skiing at Grenoble in 1968 be returned because of the commercialization rampant in the sport.

Brundage, in turn, meets with his International Olympic Committee from June 6 to 10 in Warsaw, where the FIS dispute will be only one of the items on a lively agenda. Also likely to be rascled over, freestyle, no holds barred, will be the question of whether flag raising and national anthem playing should be abandoned at future Olympic medal award ceremonies. This is an almost schizophrenic problem for a representative from one of the lesser Olympic countries. On the one hand, he has become weary to the death of hearing rendition after rendition of, alternately, *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the Russian national anthem and so would welcome

the elimination of all anthems and flags. On the other hand, if his own national hero, M'Wumba Siobornik, happens to come through with a victory in the 30-kilo walk, it sure would be nice hearing the Olympic loudspeaker playing Outer Endive's own song.

Beyond this momentous question there is the continuing urinal of South Africa, apartheid and Olympic sanctions. Indications are that South Africa, which is still a member of the Olympic movement, though not eligible to compete, will be tossed out entirely.

In any case, it looks like a stimulating Olympic spring.

DEFENDERS OF THE CUP

It is possible that the West Coast may provide two contenders for the America's Cup when competition for that most treasured prize in yachting is resumed in 1970. In San Diego Gerry Driscoll, one of the West's leading boat builders and deep-water sailors, has designed and is tank testing a new 12-meter model. Driscoll has issued no statements about the Cup races, but it is hard to envisage anyone building a 12-meter to sail around Mission Bay.

In Newport Beach, Calif. Pat Dougan, owner of *Columbia*, runner-up to *Invincible* in the 1967 trials to determine which U.S. boat would defend the Cup, is having tests made on his boat, and Gary Mull, a San Francisco designer, has been retained as a consultant. Dougan, too, has made no public statements on his plans for next year, but he has intimated that if the tank tests prove satisfactory he may go ahead with plans to redesign and rebuild *Columbia*.

THEY SAID IT

• Andy Granatelli, whose turbine-powered car failed just short of the finish at Indianapolis two years ago after leading throughout the race, on the title of his new book, *They Call Me Mister 500*: "I feel bad about the title. I think it should be *They Call Me Mister 498*."

• Rosy Ryan, 71-year-old executive vice-president of the minor league Phoenix Giants, who has spent more than half a century in baseball, explaining his addiction for freewheeling, fun-loving baseball people like Casey Stengel, Babe Ruth, Lefty Gomez, Horace Stoneham and Mike Kelly: "They're the kind of people I like. I never met anyone interesting in a library."

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honest bourbon—
but with manners.



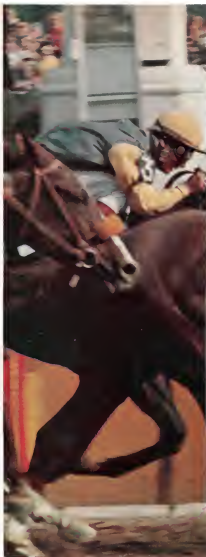
And which explains,
too, why winning medals all
over the world got to be a
habit with I. W. Harper.



One of the medals won since
1872 for being honest bourbon—
but with manners.



A ROYAL NECK FOR BILL'S FIFTH

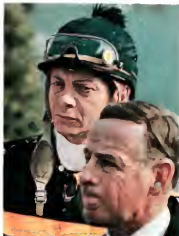


With challengers on both sides of him—Arts and Letters on the rail, Dilke to his right—Bill Hartack whips Majestic



Prince through a fierce stretch struggle, then crosses the finish line a neck the best to win his fifth Kentucky Derby.

CONTINUED



VICTORY FAIR AND SQUARE ON A BLUE-SKY DAY

by WHITNEY TOWER

It is extremely difficult to relegate Bill Hartack to obscurity. Just when you think that he has gone away somewhere, maybe to stay, he pops up in the winner's circle at Churchill Downs, smelling like a blanket of roses.

That is what happened last Saturday in Louisville, and what it meant for Hartack—in addition to a gratifying new opportunity to insult the press—was a fifth Derby victory in nine attempts. This ties him with Eddie Arcaro, who required 21 Derbies to accomplish the same feat and now shakes his head in wonderment at the meaning of it all. "Wherever you go in the world," Arcaro says, "all anybody wants to know is how many times you won the Derby. It seems nobody ever heard of any of our other races."

People will be hearing about Hartack's fifth for a long time. He and Trainer Johnny Longden brought their chestnut colt, Majestic Prince, to Louisville unbeaten after six California races, an accomplishment that inspired the normal reaction from Eastern horsemen: mocking references to California racing and the quality of the opposition that the Prince had humbled. So Hartack and his chestnut went out on a blue-sky day, right in front of the President of the United States and 100,000 others, and turned the three other top colts of the Prince's class—Arts and Letters, Top Knight and Dike—into runners-up over the classic mile and a quarter.

What made last week's Derby all the more remarkable was that for once—it does not always turn out this way at Churchill Downs—the best horse clearly won; none of the victims had any ex-

cuse in the world. In the stretch run all of his rivals took their shot at Majestic Prince and none could match him. This was not only a contest among choice Thoroughbreds, but a war of nerves and tactics among jockeys to whom a Derby victory would forever mean far more than the conventional 10% of the winning purse of \$113,200, a war won by Hartack over Braulio Baeza, Jorge Velazquez and Manuel Ycaza.

Race or war, it was a joy to watch. Just as Longden had predicted, the early leader after the gate was sprung was the long shot Ocean Roar, who came to Louisville via Beulah Park near Columbus, Ohio, a locale hardly renowned for producing classic horses. Ocean Roar pumped his way into the clubhouse turn with a four-length lead and behind him was a cluster of five, with Majestic Prince on the outside. Top Knight, Arts and Letters, Rae Jet and Fleet Allied were all between the Prince and the rail. "That must have cost him two or three lengths around the turn," said Longden later. Hartack agreed but added, "I was concerned about position. My horse was running in hand and rating kindly and I got the position I wanted when we straightened out on the backstretch."

On that long run across from the rambling old stands Ocean Roar clung to his lead, but Ycaza had Top Knight just two lengths away, with Majestic Prince and Arts and Letters next, all ready to pounce. The three jockeys undoubtedly were aware that the pace-setter was not burning up the track. The first-quarter time was .23½ and the half mile was run in a lethargic .48. Dike, meanwhile, had started slowly as usual, and had only one horse beat around the first turn. But now he was moving up into contention more quickly than his custom.

The refugee from Beulah Park was bound to weaken, even from his own slow pace, and when he had Top Knight

immediately took over. Hartack was not going to sit still for this maneuver for long, and neither was Baeza on Arts and Letters. They went after Top Knight on the far turn after he had opened a length on Ocean Roar. As Majestic Prince came up on the outside of Top Knight, Ycaza brought his mount out slightly from the rail. That was the opening Baeza had been waiting for, and he drove Arts and Letters quickly for the hole. It may possibly have been a premature move, but in situations of this kind a rider must be quick to take advantage of every promising opportunity. Baeza had to take what was offered to him. So Arts and Letters rolled out of the turn to the head of the stretch with a half-length margin over Majestic Prince. Dike was charging up on the outside into third position, but Top Knight, to the astonishment of everyone who had appreciated his gallant efforts all winter and spring in Florida, gave up the fight entirely and dropped in a few hundred yards from first to distant fourth.

Now the tense stretch battle began, and it was one of the best in 95 runnings of the famous old race. With Top Knight out of the way, the remaining Big Three held the stage. They faced the challenge of the Derby's last quarter of a mile, on this Saturday a beguilingly sunny straightaway, but one that tests to the utmost the heart of a horse and the will of the man riding him. Arts and Letters was on the rail, half a length ahead of Majestic Prince. Dike, who may have gone unnecessarily wide turning for home, was three lengths behind but in perfect position for the kind of final burst he has shown himself capable of unleashing.

Majestic Prince had never before been attacked like this. In California, Hartack usually had his races won by midstretch and was easing his colt up as he coasted to the wire. This time he had chal-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COBBE AND NEIL LESTER

Hartack's gem of a winning mood: wary with Johnny Longden, pensive as he gathers in the race, puckish with Betty and Francine McMahon and imperious as he leaves the press.

THE ACCIDENT THAT KEPT SHOE OUT OF THE DERBY



On Wednesday of Derby Week, Bill Shoemaker had just gotten up on Poma's Day in the paddock at Hollywood Park when the filly reared.



Earlier on the day's card he had won the dilly double and was riding well after recovering from another mischance in which he had suffered a

THE DERBY continued

lengers on both sides of him. Hartack laced into his colt with his whip and gradually cut the margin between the Prince and Arts and Letters. For an eighth of a mile the breathtaking duel continued, and then the Prince pushed his royal head in front.

Arts and Letters might have been excused for retiring with honor at this point, but he and Baeza fought on. Dike had cut the margin on the pair to two lengths, and to some it began to look as if he would be the eventual winner. But he hung just a little when it counted most, and for that last fateful furlong the two leaders kept at each other's throats. With 30 yards to go, Arts and Letters seemed to be coming on again, after trailing for a 16th of a mile by a full half length. Baeza strained with every muscle to urge his charge to a final desperate victorious effort, but Hartack and Majestic Prince carried the day by a neck. Arts and Letters was half a length in front of Dike, and from there it was 10 lengths back to Traffic Mark, a 45-to-1 shot who had come from dead last to beat out Top Knight by nearly two lengths. Then came Ocean Rear, Fleet Allied and the longest of long shots (71 to 1), Rae Jet.

Strategists will argue for years that the result might have been different, but

none of them will be Majestic Prince fans. The latter will claim—correctly—that the Prince would have beaten this field no matter how the race was run. The pace was slow: six furlongs in 1:12½ and the mile in 1:37½, more of a disadvantage to Dike than to any of the others. Nonetheless, Majestic Prince ran his last quarter in :24½ on his way to a final time of 2:01½ and quite likely would have been up to the same challenge by his pursuers no matter what early fractions had been posted. Despite the lack of early speed in the race, Longden pointed out, the Prince "had to run a lot and he must be the best because he won even after losing so much ground on the first turn."

Certainly the second and third horses to finish were far from disgraced. Arts and Letters, said his trainer, Elliott Burch, "ran a hell of a race. He couldn't have run a better race and not won. The best horse won. We have a very nice horse, too. I was proud of him. I wish we could get Majestic Prince in front of us and could move at him the next time. We will try him again in the Preakness." For Burch the loss was particularly bitter. Ten years ago his first Derby starter, Sword Dancer, lost by a nose to Tommy Lee. On that occasion Bill Shoemaker, who wanted to ride

Sword Dancer, was obliged by a prior commitment to take the mount on Tommy Lee. Burch settled for Bill Boland and Boland claimed foul against Shoe after some bumping in the Derby stretch. The claim was disallowed, and for 10 years Burch has wondered what would have happened if Shoe had ridden Sword Dancer instead of Tommy Lee.

Last week he thought he had Shoe again. Bill had ridden Arts and Letters twice in Florida, finishing second both times, and then had scored him to a 15-length victory in the Blue Grass at Keeneland. Shoe and Burch agreed that the win gave horse and rider confidence, and Bill was looking forward to his 17th Derby ride. But on Wednesday afternoon of Derby Week Shoemaker, back in action only 2½ months after recovering from a broken leg, had another serious accident. A spooky filly named Poma's Day reared up in the paddock at Hollywood Park and, after pinning Shoe against a hedge, fell on him. Shoemaker suffered five pelvic fractures and internal injuries and will not be able to ride for about six months. Dr. Robert Kieran says that, after a normal recovery, the injuries themselves shouldn't restrict Shoe's riding activities, and Bill has not even hinted that he figures it is time to hang up his tack.



pinned him against a hedge and fell on him. The accident put Shoemaker in the hospital and deprived him of his mount on Arts and Letters.



broken leg. These exclusive photographs were made by Vietnam veteran James Deltz, with a home-movie camera he bought in the Far East.

It is not every Derby that a trainer can lose his rider and come up with a Raza as a substitute. Still, there are those who point out that Raza had never ridden the horse before and that if Shoe had been on Arts and Letters last week he would have profited from his Blue Grass experience. Once having taken the lead from Top Knight turning for home, he would have tried to open up a wider gap between himself and the oncoming Majestic Prince. Such speculation has no more chance of being validated than the question of what might have happened if Derby Trial winner Ack Ack had come back to run the first mile of the Derby, as, say 1:36. Would that have given stretch runner Dike a better shot at the winner's purse? As for Top Knight, unless he has suffered some undiscovered injury, he can be expected to run a far better race in the Preakness. His dismal showing last week could be the result of a five-week layoff after the Florida Derby.

Altogether, the 95th Derby goes into the books as a splendid success, not only because of the competition it produced, but also because of the presence of the presidential party. Racing historians tell us that Washington once served as a steward, that Jefferson owned and bred horses and that Jackson used to keep a

few Thoroughbreds in the White House stables. Rutherford B. Hayes went racing at Lexington, but until last Saturday no President in office had ever attended a Kentucky Derby. Upon his arrival in Louisville at 2:30 on Derby afternoon, Mr. Nixon went right to Kentucky Governor Louie B. Nunn's third-floor clubhouse box, where he signed autographs with all the aplomb of a Derby hero like Arcaro. He noticed Frank and Betty McMahon and their two daughters, Francine, 12, and Bettina, 9, in an adjoining box and told them that he was rooting for their Majestic Prince. This makes Mr. Nixon a pretty ordinary chalk horseplayer, but it also proves he's still a politician, for only a few hours earlier he had let the racing press know that he was rooting for the only California-bred Derby starter, Fleet Allied Ladies in the crowd may have noted, as did Mrs. Arthur Hancock of Claiborne Farm, that the First Lady was wearing Claiborne colors, which didn't really help Dike very much. What space the Secret Service and other special police did not occupy in the clubhouse, it seemed the White House press corps did. This surely was the first time that Western Union handled press files on the Vietnam situation from a Churchill Downs press box.

When the long hot day ended, honours still rested with Majestic Prince. Johnny Longden and Bill Hartack. Betty McMahon came to the press box to represent her husband, who had been ill with flu, and she gave credit to all three. Daughter Francine turned up in a yellow and white dress sporting an "I like Bill Hartack" button, and Betty said, "We believe in Hartack. Of course, we never know when he's going to speak to us or not." Who does? On television after the Derby, Hartack was explicit and direct in giving his running account of the race as it was replayed. And he got the main point across: "When Majestic Prince was hooked, he was a fighter. He is game."

But Hartack quickly reverted to his old self when surrounded by reporters a few minutes later in the jockeys' room. For a while he acted as if he did not recognize their presence. After one question which he refused to answer, he turned on a reporter and said, "When you start treating jockeys like men, then you'll get treated like men." It seemed a shame he was not able to share the pleasure of his time of triumph with others.

But he was still talking to Longden, of course, and, occasionally anyway, to the McMahons. And certainly he was in touch with Majestic Prince. **END**

HERE COME THE HITTERS—MAYBE

Statistics for the first month of play show that the changes made in baseball have produced more scoring. But a rash of low-hit games last week indicates that the pitchers may be just warming up

by MARK MULVOY

Last winter major league baseball owners and general managers, almost none of whom ever had to pitch a baseball for a living, studied the 1968 batting averages and attendance figures and decided unanimously (how else?) that baseball needed more hitting in 1969. So as a start they lowered the pitcher's mound five inches. They also moved some fences closer to home plate—and one home plate closer to the fences. They installed fast synthetic infields and powerful new lights. They experimented with a livelier baseball. They reduced the strike zone. If all these gimmicks did not help, they felt sure expansion would. The last time the American League expanded (1961)—one man hit 61 home runs, and five others hit more than 40. This year the four new teams meant that 40 pitchers from the minors would have to throw to the likes of Henry Aaron and Frank Robinson.

As April ended, the changes seemed to have worked. Dal Maxwell, Hector Torres, Mike Ryan and Felix Millan, each of whom hit only one home run in 1968, all had hit grand-slam homers

Eddie Brinkman, who had only three extra-base hits all doubles in 1968, hit a home run in the fourth game of 1969. Don Kessinger, a switch hitter with only two lifetime home runs—both right-handed—hit a home run left-handed.

Baiting averages were starting. Cleon Jones of the Mets was hitting well over .400, almost twice what he was hitting last year. John Roseboro of the Twins raised his average by .210. Mack Jones of the Expos (plus .170), Frank Robinson of the Orioles (plus .158), Rico Petrocelli of the Red Sox (plus .144), Larry Brown of the Indians (plus .116), Mark Belanger of the Orioles (plus .122) and Matty Alou of the Pirates (plus .108) were among the most improved hitters, when judged against their early performances in 1968.

Two home-run records were established. Frank Robinson, who is looking like the Robinson of 1966, hit 10 home runs during the month of April, and the Boston Red Sox hit 27 home runs in 11 games. Frank Howard did not set a record, but his eight home runs had the surprising Senators in second place.

The doctored baseball diamonds also contributed to more hitting. In Chicago the once-anemic White Sox found that their slick synthetic infield now turned ground-ball outs into ground-ball base hits. Chicago's batting average was up 11 points. The White Sox also discovered that their shortened fences were the perfect thing for such new young hitters as Buddy Bradford, Carlos May and Bill Melton, who together railed off 11 home runs in April. In Los Angeles the Dodgers, who moved home plate 10 feet closer to the walls, found the smaller field just right. Their team batting average was up a whopping 46 points, and they had hit 10 more home runs than they had in 1968.

Now the owners were happy, the general managers were happy, the hitters were happy and the spectators were happy. And where one might expect the pitchers to be far from happy, they seemed to be rather amused by it all. Ray Sadecki of the Giants said, "Wait until those hitters come in to the owners at the end of the season and ask for big salaries based on their fat averages. Then the owners will be sorry they lowered the mounds, shortened the fences and narrowed the strike zone. They'll change everything back, and then the pitchers can ask for the money they rightfully deserve."

Jim Maloney of the Reds said, "I think the hitting's good for baseball and the fans, except when they do it against me. I'm all for a lot of hits and runs within reason."

However, all this early hitting and early talking did not impress Pete Rose of the Reds, who was the best hitter in baseball last year. Rose attributed the hitting upswing to the fact that most of the established major league pitchers reported late to training camp because of the players' strike in early March. "That did it," Rose said. "Pitchers always need more time to get ready for the season

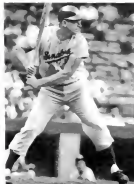
BATS THAT GO BOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA

These per-game figures, based on the same number of games last year and excluding expansion teams, indicate gains in almost every offensive department

	AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
	1968	1969	1968	1969
RUNS	3.21	4.32	3.46	4.15
HITS	7.14	8.14	8.17	8.25
HOME RUNS (totals)	0.68 (153)	1.00 (225)	0.64 (153)	0.69 (165)
EXTRA-BASE HITS	2.03	2.58	2.10	2.16
BATTING AVERAGE	.219	.241	.237	.245
WALKS	3.15	3.97	2.69	3.28
STRIKEOUTS	5.89	5.56	5.82	5.89
ERRORS	0.91	0.79	0.99	0.96



Frank Robinson hit 10 home runs in April.



Frank Howard made his manager a winner.



Clayton Jones was a reminder of 400 hitters.

Their late start is showing up now. Along about late May the hitters will find that the pitchers are as good as ever."

Rose's timing was a bit off. Last week, at the beginning of May, the pitchers began to pitch as they did in 1968, and the hitters, sadly, began to hit as they did in 1968.

Maloney, obviously having second thoughts about his appreciation for batters, pitched a no-hitter against the Astros on Wednesday, then Don Wilson of the Astros pitched a no-hitter against Rose and the Reds the next night. Don Sutton of the Dodgers and Dick Bosman of the Senators pitched one-hitters, and Marty Pattin of the Seattle Pilots and Juan Marchal of the Giants came up with two-hitters. Over the week there were 12 shutouts. It began to look as if the pitchers were back, better than ever.

Still, the hitting statistics for the first month of the season (see box) were impressive, mostly because of the cushion provided by the splurge during the first three weeks. The increases in American League statistics were particularly noteworthy.

For instance, eight teams in the American League had four-week batting averages higher than the averages posted for the first month of 1968. New York was up 47 points, Boston was up 30. In the National League six teams were hitting better than they did last year, and five teams had improved their home-run record. Los Angeles (plus 46) and New York (plus 30) were the most improved hitting teams, while Cincinnati (plus 11) and Los Angeles (plus 10) were the most improved home-run clubs.

The fact that the American League has shown more improvement than the National League so far is not surprising. The American League played only 55 night games during the first four weeks, while the National League played 77. Comparative averages for the first month prove that players hit better under the sun than they do under the stars, which is hardly news in baseball. For example, in 79 day games the American League hit .255 while in 55 night games it hit only .218. The National League hit .248 in 66 day games and .236 in 71 night games.

Now almost all teams begin to play

night games exclusively, so the batting statistics are almost certain to drop off. There are other reasons, too, for wondering just how long the hitting explosion will last.

For one, the pitchers have learned to adjust to the smaller mound. Early in the season they had a difficult time throwing their curves for strikes. Gaylord Perry of the Giants found that he had to make a bigger kick with his left foot to get his curve down across the plate, and other pitchers have found they need more slope to the mound. In some parks last week the grounds crews were busy making those custom-tailored slopes.

For another, the same pitchers will soon learn the weaknesses of the young rookie hitters, who then go to the bench. "The pitchers catch up with the rookies in the second or third month," says Walter Alston, the Dodger manager, whose lineup includes four young rookies. "It's the same way every year."

Also the pitchers discover the umpires' new ideas of the strike zone and then they will pitch as much as possible for the umpires. Don McMahon, a Detroit relief pitcher, said, "I was talking with an umpire the other day, and he told me he gives the corner to the pitcher on the first and second strikes but favors the hitters on the third strikes." Presumably McMahon will throw strikes on the corner the first two pitches when that umpire is behind the plate.

Johnny Sain, the Detroit pitching coach, thinks there "ought to be a machine to call balls and strikes. There are 50 or 60 umpires in the game, and they're all going to have different ideas about what is a strike."

Although the hitting eventually will drop off, it probably will not sink to last season's level. The 40 pitchers employed because of expansion will reveal their inadequacies often enough during the season. And the smaller mound will continue to have some effect.

As Ted Williams explained last week: "Take a 6' 4" pitcher. He's 76 inches. The old mound was 15 inches. That makes him 91 inches. Take five inches off that. That's about 5½'. There could be a 5½" difference in the hitting."

For baseball, even a silly millimeter would be enough this year.

END

THE LAST DROP IN THE BUCKET

John Havlicek and Jerry West were the stars as the Celtics and the Lakers, showing the wear and tear of a long season, took their desperate battle for the world basketball championship to the seventh game **by FRANK DEFORD**



Boston's John Havlicek battles the pressures of play as he moves on Lakers' Keith Erickson.

And so, in the end, the Boston Celtics outlasted De Gaulle. Perennial students of geriatrics, the Bostonians won the last game of their playoff series—it was the 10th time that they have let it go seven and then won—by beating the Los Angeles Lakers 108-106. They never lost the lead in the final game after it was tied with 10:13 left in the third quarter. An indefatigable John Havlicek (see cover) led the Celtics to their 11th world championship in 13 years. He did this despite the greatest playoff performance in history by the Lakers' Jerry West.

It was, in fact, surprising that the series lasted to the seventh game—the 100th of the season for both teams—in the first place. Had either club been just a bit more consistent or lucky, it could have swept the first four close games. Certainly, except for one wondrous shot by Sam Jones, Los Angeles would have won in five.

It went the full route, though, simply because neither team was good enough or deep enough to put the other away. Almost any of the losers in recent championship playoff finals could have won over these contenders, ravaged by time and expansion as they were.

In the beginning of the series, when Havlicek made 37, 43 and 34 points, the special irony of his performances was that they contradicted a Celtic tradition: "We've had to go to John," one of his teammates admitted with chagrin, "because he's the only one doing it. But the funny thing—and the scary thing is that it's always been the other team with the one-man show and the Celtics with a whole team to go to."

Things did turn more to form later as Larry Siegfried, his legs looking as though lawn mowers had been run through them, and Don Nelson came off the bench to fulfill old Celtic roles. Havlicek suffered a black eye in the third game, a muscle pull (that he repeatedly

pooh-poohed) warming up for the fifth, and faced better defense from Keith Erickson and Tom Hawkins after he had driven rookie Bill Hewitt to the bench.

Still, his was a superb one-man show, worthy of the praises that are suddenly coming his way as one of the finest all-round athletes in the country today. It would have been sufficient for early victory had not the show come up against West's own act. In the games before he was hurt, West made 33, 41, 24, 40 and 39 points and gained equivalent high marks in every other phase of play.

As with Havlicek, there was a special irony, too, in West's brilliant performances. For the Lakers this was supposed to be a devastating display by the big triumvirate of West, Elgin Baylor and Wilt Chamberlain that would lay waste to everything in its path. But Baylor, captain of the Lakers, has been chasing the Celtics in these playoffs since 1959, and the wearying pursuit through a decade told at last. "I don't have to take his fakes as I always did before," Baylor Howell said, "and he is not as quick on the drive or following a shot."

There was, though, one thrilling memory, the last three minutes of the second game, when the eagles were perched on Baylor's shoulders again. West gave him the play, and Baylor scored the team's last 12 points to carry them from 106-108 to 118-112 and victory. But there followed nights of 4-for-18, 2-for-14, 4-for-13, and Baylor often was all but forgotten in a corner.

West was never forgotten. In the first game, won by Los Angeles 120-118, Emmette Bryant was on him, and that was sheer disaster as West just shot over him at will. Thereafter, Jones and Siegfried split the assignment, with Havlicek moving into the backcourt for occasional head-to-head duels that West always won. The Celtics have always prided themselves on tight man-to-man defense, but as the series went on the extra guard or a forward would slough off on West more and more. West usually didn't hit the open man, usually Johnny Egan or Erickson, and they, not Baylor, would get the shot.

The third Laker superstar, Chamberlain, was, like his *bête noire*, Russell, quite in evidence. But, except in the fifth game, when Chamberlain got 31 rebounds and cleared the offensive boards to eliminate any Boston fast break, the



Lakers Coach Butch van Breckhoff trades ideas with Jerry West during disastrous sixth game

two big men earned their half million dollars in salary by effectively neutralizing one another and letting the other fellows go four-on-four. In one game Russell and Chamberlain scored a total of one point in a half.

This futile nonexchange was exceeded in the fourth game when the swept non-play of both teams canceled both out. While the shooting was beastly, the ball handling was merely terrible. There were 50 turnovers and the 89-88 score represented the lowest total of points in the last 337 playoff games, going back to 1958. With the playoff tied at two apiece, however, this game was the fulcrum on which the whole series turned, and it was concluded with the most dramatic winning playoff shot since 1950, when Bob Harrison of the Minneapolis Lakers sank a long one from midcourt to beat Syracuse.

Los Angeles had the ball out of bounds with 15 seconds left and an 88-87 lead, since it had made the only basket in the last 4:05. Hold on to the ball and go home with a 3-1 lead was the obvious strategy. Bryant promptly stole the in-bounds pass, and after Jones missed a jump shot and Boston retained the ball

the Celtics called time-out with seven seconds left.

In the huddle, Havlicek and Siegfried were on Russell. "There's just enough time for it," Havlicek said. Russell nodded and told Tom Sanders to take his place. He wanted five good foul shooters in the game. In the Laker broadcast booth Hot Rod Hundley, who had played against all five Celtics in the game, said: "Neither one of them has scored a basket this quarter, but still, it's got to go to Sam or Havlicek." In the huddle, Russell said, "O.K., Sam."

In 1960 Ohio State beat Indiana 96-95 with a last-second shot by Siegfried after a pass from Havlicek. "The play took exactly 13 seconds in college," Havlicek said. During the New York series, a reluctant Russell was prevailed upon to put in that old Buckeye last-second play. The Celtics practiced it one day, with a visitor named K. C. Jones standing on the sidelines and ticking off the time. The Celtics found they could get the shot off in six or seven seconds, but, of course, they were not positive since they had never tried it in a game.

Bryant threw the ball in to Havlicek and moved to set a pick near the left of

continued

the key. Nelson positioned himself to Bryant's right, and Howell broke high and set on his left, making it a triple pick. Havlicek passed to Jones, cutting to his right. Stumbling badly, Jones managed to dribble right off Howell's flank. "It's a good pick," he thought, because West had run into Howell and was forced to get at Jones from behind.

Three seconds left, 18 feet out and off balance, Jones went up off his left foot. He was turning in, toward the basket, but was forced to fall away from it. On the bench Russell, discouraged, muttered a curse. Jones let the ball go.

Egan and Baylor raised their left arms on defense and, out of the corner of his eye, Nelson could see Chamberlain's hand overhanging his shoulder and the whole scene. Nelson was to move on the pick-and-roll if there was time for that. There was not. He saw Jones' shot

clear Chamberlain's hand, and then he turned for the rebound.

The ball was high but short. Havlicek thought: "Just make the rim any way." The basket at that end was a different one this game, set "extremely tight," so Havlicek told himself "anything can happen if it gets to the rim." It did, Tommy Hemscho, the Boston TV announcer, saw that the shot hit the rim "absolutely exactly" in the middle of the ball. Chamberlain had turned back to the basket, and Nelson could not get by him. He knew at that moment that any rebound—and the game—would go to Chamberlain.

The ball jerked up again to the rear of the basket. In disbelief, almost behind Jones, West watched as the ball hit the back rim and then dove down into the cords. "The Lord's will," West said. Hemscho said: "If it had hit just this much one way or the other off center, it would have bounced out too far, back or forward." Howell jumped in delight, but Jones just stared, stunned. Chamberlain went over to the padded backboard supports and grabbed one of them in anguish.

"I thought to shoot it with high arc and plenty of backspin," Jones explained carefully afterward, "so if it didn't go in Russell would have a chance for the rebound." Russell, of course, was not in the game.

"What the hell," Siegfried said. "You make a shot like that, you're entitled to blow some smoke about arc and backspin and things like that."

The Boston Garden had been bedlam. The scene four days later when Sam Jones, who would retire as a player after Monday's final, began his last game in Boston, was noisy, too, but different. In a tender outpouring of affection the fans stood up and cheered Jones while he stood alone on the floor and wavered "halfway between a smile and a tear." It was sincere but hardly a representative show by the Boston fans, who have never understood—much less appreciated—the Celtics. They think of the team as something of a tie-in with Lent, to be ignored during the season and admired ferociously at selected important playoff games. The politicians finally come out from behind the historic markers on warm days in May to issue proclamations and pose for pictures.

This year, almost 1,000 of the Boston faithful turned in their third-game tick-

ets when the Celtics came home down 0-2—this at a time when NBA attendance is at a record high and when NBA TV ratings more than double the NHL, top the AFL comfortably and are zeroing in on baseball ratings. The Lakers had to turn down hundreds of their fans who were anxious to shell out \$282.50 for a charter flight deal to see the first two games in Boston. Thousands went to theaters to see closed-circuit TV of the sell-out home games.

Save for a falling off in affection early this season when the team was not working together, Los Angeles has, in fact, remained fairly steadfast in its support of the Lakers ever since their first playoffs in 1960 when the fans first heard an announcer named Chuck Hearn describe the wonder of Elgin Baylor "shooting from out of the popcorn machine" in St. Louis.

Through the years it always has been Baylor and West, in that order, and Baylor had their hearts, too. West, the neat craftsman, was only admitted, like a very reliable dentist. Yet of all the great stars in any sport, he is the most human. Zeke from Cabin Creek. He is certainly no country bumpkin—indeed, he is analytical and articulate—but he can say things like "Elgin always treated me as an equal" and "I think I must be the luckiest guy in the world" and the effect is real and never cloying.

He is one superstar who is also a sports fan, just like the other people on his block, where he has lived ever since he moved to L.A. in 1960. He talks of the junkies he takes with other celebrated athletes to make clothes advertisements, not as though they were something he had earned, but as if he had won them in a supermarket contest. In the first game, when Russell was describing West's play as the "greatest clutch performance ever against the Celtics," West only wanted to talk about what a marvelous game it must have been to win.

Utterly unaffected, he has become at last the finest all-round player in basketball, and yet he still shows up at a game dripping wet from worry. "I've reached a point," he says, "where nothing will satisfy me but the very best. I can only settle for that from myself. I used to think so much about scoring, but I'm just no longer interested in points. I scored a lot against Boston because that happened to be the way to win. I really don't think they have any-

continued



Sam Jones stands for last Boston ovation.

GM



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a man's game?**


**Shirley
Englehorn thinks so.
So does Sears.**

That's Doug Ford watching Shirley Englehorn blasting out of a trap. A Masters champion, Doug is one of golf's biggest money winners. Shirley is one of the two women ever honored with the Ben Hogan Award.



APPROVED BY SHIRLEY ENGLEHORN
AND DOUG FORD, SEARS STAFF ADVISORS

This check mark and signature certify these clubs met the standards set by Ted Williams, Chairman of the Sears Sports Advisory Staff. And were personally tested and approved by Shirley Englehorn and Doug Ford staff advisors.



Clubs just for the ladies. Everything—from grip size to the specially made steel shaft—is proportioned for a woman.

Any golfer knows—get a set of clubs with just the right length, weight and balance and you're going to shoot better golf. That's why Sears had Doug Ford, one of the great pros, design steel shaft clubs in different sizes for men.

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It gave Sears an idea. Why not special clubs in different sizes for women, too?

Sears talked it over with the famous lady pro, Shirley Englehorn.

"Good news for the ladies," Shirley said. "They've been ignored too long."

Shirley went to work. No cut-down men's clubs for her. She put everything she knows about golf into designing clubs that would fit a woman perfectly. Tailored them from grip to head weight. Then matched and balanced them every bit as precisely as Doug Ford's clubs.

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great set of clubs. They're fulcrum-balanced and proportioned-fit. So now the ladies have a choice—just like the men do with Sears Doug Ford clubs.

Now, with these new clubs in her bag, any woman's equipped to play a man's game. Tomorrow, see the Doug Ford and Shirley Englehorn clubs—see all the golf equipment—at the Sears Sports Center in the Sears, Roebuck and Co. store near you.

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one to guard me. But I've always wanted to be appreciated for being more than a shooter."

West's career is marred only by injury to his legs, hands, nose and what all. It frustrates him to have to work his way back into shape two or three times a year, and the laughs were only forced as he lay on the training table before the sixth game and tried to be a good sport about it one more time.

Near the end of the second game he had taken a chop on his right thumb, but rather than prepare an alibi he kept it secret so that the Celtics would not know. After the third game, when everyone had figured he had had an off night because he had scored only 24 points, he stood under the el outside the Boston Garden and only reluctantly withdrew his hand from his pocket. The swelling was noticeable. "The other players know, and you're satisfied with that," he had said earlier. "You can be satisfied with what they think of you."

The hand had healed sufficiently by the next game, but then he pulled a hamstring on an insignificant play late in the fifth game, and surely he had to be thinking that it was going to be the Celtics again, champions one more time, when the Lakers lost the sixth game with him making only 26 points on one leg.

Siegfried, who himself began each game by adjusting his bad leg on the bench so that his pulled hamstring could rest for a while on a heating pad, spoke in admiration and kinship before the final game. "He is the master," Siegfried said. "They can talk about the others, build them up, but he is the one. He is the only guard."

"Do you spell that with a 'u' or just plain 'g-o-d'?" Satch Sanders asked.

"You know what I mean," Siegfried said. "His tribute is what the players think of him. We've played at about the same time him, if we hadn't, the one player I'd most like to see win a championship is Jerry West."

It is West's curse, though, that he and the Lakers must try to intrude on somebody else's era. And what makes it the Celtics? One remembers Russell, an arm around Havlicek, helping him off the court when he was injured in the third game. "I was thinking only that he might be hurt badly," Russell told reporters. "You see, first, these men are my friends. Above all, we are our friends." **END**



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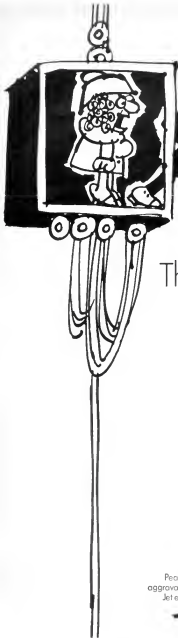
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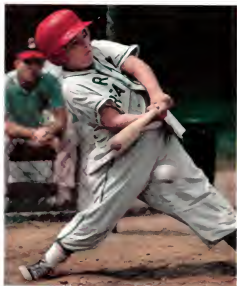
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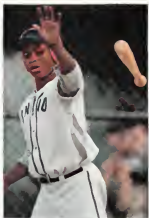


LOOK, MOM! JUST LIKE THE BIGS

A plastic batting helmet that flops over the eyes and spins nicely around the head. Baggy pants (don't call them knickers, Mom). Bats too heavy to swing, stockings (they're socks, Mom) that slip down to the harmless rubber cleats (spikes, for Pete's sake). Such are the problems when boys play like men, but so what? To pose, that's what counts. To take a cut like Mantle . . . to rock and throw like Koufax . . . to hitch up the pants just so, or to tug ever so earnestly at the bill of one's cap . . . to smack the fist, blam, blam, in the deep pocket of one's Pete Rose glove, or to chant, with feeling: hum, babe, chuck it to 'm, babe, fire that ol' pill in there. Do you think I look like Gibson, Mom? Do you, do you? Honest? And so it goes through the summer. These Little Leaguers from New Jersey are Little Leaguers Everywhere.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR





A sissy walk . . . yuechh . . . this slugger tosses his club away disdainfully, just like on television.

Nobody plays harder than mom and pop, but kid brother (right) finds knee scab more intriguing.

In any league desperation is sliding into home when the catcher has the ball safely in his mitt.





It was going right over my head, see, so I jumped real high and got my glove up there, and just . . .

It did look like it was over to me, dad. Gee, you'd think a guy never struck out in a ball game before.





LOOK, MOM! continued


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THE GRIZZLY BEAR MURDER CASE

by JACK OLSEN

Death lurked on the trails of Glacier National Park in the hot summer of 1967. A bitterly debated question—can man and bear peacefully coexist in a shrinking environment?—was about to be answered. After the fearful events of August a determined effort was made to obscure that answer. Now Jack Olsen, in a three-part series growing out of intense personal investigation, tells what happened, why it happened—and who was at fault

The 1,600 square miles of Glacier National Park, tucked into the northwest corner of Montana, spill over on both sides of the Continental Divide. It is magnificent country. Naturalist John Muir called Glacier Park "the greatest care-killing scenery" on the North American continent. He could not have been more truthful.

In the deep interior of the park much of the land is above the timberline. There are jagged and severe mountains, as broken in their contour as the outlying mountains are smooth, and high on their slopes hang the 50 or 60 glaciers that give the place its name.

Below the timberline Glacier Park is teeming with animal life. One sees specimens that would be minor miracles if

they were spotted outside the limits of the park. There are places near Sperry Glacier where it is a rare day when mountain goats are not visible. Around Mary Glacier a small herd of Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep is usually grazing and elk may be seen along the middle branch of the Flathead River. Other species—though rarely seen—are also there: the Rocky Mountain wolf, the mountain lion and the wolverine. And there, within the confines of the park, the largest of all American carnivores, the grizzly bear, is making one of its last stands.

The observer may prowls the back-country of the park for weeks without spotting a grizzly, but then suddenly a broad expanse of silver and brown will stir in the bushes ahead, rise to its full height of seven or eight feet, shake its great shaggy head from side to side, and disappear into the forest at a speed that belies its quarter ton of sinew, fur and muscle.

Anatomically the grizzly is a magnif-

icently designed machine with heavy, powerful muscles and a collection of joints that are loose and flexible—similar in principle to the universal joints of an automobile, enabling the animal to function from almost any position. The teeth are canine, and the molars are larger than life, equipping the grizzly for both cutting and grinding. The jaws are powered by two massive muscles that enable the bear to crunch through almost anything softer than steel.

The grizzly's hearing is about equal to man's, its eyes markedly inferior, its nose one of the sharpest in the animal kingdom. Since the bear stands alone at the top of the North American peck order, it is not in the least reluctant to approach anything that moves. Sometimes this approach is made at top speed, and many a hiker in places like Glacier Park has had the wits scared out of him by a grizzly that seemed to be charging downwind on him but at the last second whirled around and coasted

THE BEAR at Glacier Park. Dotted lines show routes taken to Trout Lake and Granite Park Chalet by the groups of young campers.

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ran upward twice as fast. Some park officials attribute most grizzly "attacks" to the bear's poor eyesight and limitless curiosity. Not frequently, but often enough to keep the hiker honest, the bear will keep right on coming and howl his victim over. This is part of the animal's vast reservoir of unpredictability, an unpredictability that is the quintessential nature of the bear.

In the first 30 years of the park's existence, only one human being was harmed by grizzlies. John Daubney hiked into Piegán Pass in 1939 and was slashed by one of a trio of bears that attacked him. The next attack did not come until August 1956, when a man named Tobey Johnson was bitten by a grizzly while sleeping in the open at Stony Indian Pass. In the next 10 years there were nine more attacks. The mystery was not that there were so many attacks—but so few. Tens of thousands of visitors were now sifting into the farthest reaches of the park, moving into the bears' territory. But despite this intense pressure the administrators of the park could report at the beginning of 1967 that in its long history not a single life had been lost to the world's largest carnivore. Apparently the Park Service's improvised policy of shooting or transplanting troublesome specimens was working successfully.

Admittedly there were a few mysterious deaths on the books of Glacier Park, people who had left the trails and never been seen again. But the fact remained that not a single documented death could be blamed on the embattled grizzly as the long, hot summer of 1967 began. To park officials, who deeply admired the bears and did not want to shoot them in the first place, this was the most comforting statistic of all. To some it was, perhaps, too comforting.

A few miles into the southern edge of Glacier Park are two lakes—McDonald and Trout—both glowing with the intense blue-green common to deep glacial lakes all over the world. Trout Lake, so named for its good supply of fish, is the smaller of the two. It is two miles long and shaped like a tadpole. Lake McDonald, 10 miles long and two miles wide, is the largest lake in the park. Between the two lakes rises a rugged 2,000-foot steep called Howe Ridge.

At the northern end of Lake McDonald, in a fern-filled mossy cove, a small collection of cabins called Kellys Camp

traces its existence back to the years before Glacier Park was founded. Today the camp is owned by descendants of the homesteaders who settled the area and refused to sell it to the government, thereby retaining possession even though they are completely surrounded by publicly owned land.

In the season of 1967 one of the first to arrive at Kellys Camp was Joan Berry of Ephrata, Wash., a schoolteacher descended from the original homesteader. With her three children, ranging from 6 to 16, Joan Berry moved into her customary dwelling, "the big house," largest of the cabins on the property. Her husband, Don, would commute back and forth to his radio station in Ephrata.

It was shortly after the middle of June when Mrs. Berry first saw the bear. She glanced out the back window of the house toward a little indented area where garbage and trash barrels were kept, and saw an animal that puzzled her. Joan

'Night of the Grizzlies'

This series will be published soon in expanded form by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Berry was no stranger to grizzlies after a lifetime of summers in Glacier, and this bear was plainly a grizzly, with its dished-in face and conspicuous hump just behind the head. But she had never seen so ragged a bear. One expected grizzlies to be somewhat mangy and dull in the early summer, after a winter of hibernation, but this bear's physical appearance was markedly worse than average. The hair on the mane behind the hump, usually luxuriously thick, was short and thin, and when the animal leaned over to dip into the Berry family's trash barrel, Mrs. Berry could see bald spots along the line of the backbone. The head was long and narrow, almost misshapen. The animal had the frame of a large bear, upward of 500 pounds, but the body was so emaciated and scrawny that Mrs. Berry doubted if it would weigh half that much.

The strange bear was as different from other grizzlies in action as in appearance. Mrs. Berry would look up from her housework in the primitive cabin and see the animal digging into the trash barrels in bright daylight, and when she would make tentative noises to frighten the bear away, it would stand and look at her unabashedly, or even take a

few menacing steps in her direction.

Soon the bear was visiting the garbage cans behind the big house every three days, almost as though it were on a schedule. After only a few visits, the bear seemed to become acutely annoyed by motion inside the house, and it would charge the walls or slap at the tiny windowpanes. The Berrys had disciplined themselves to remain inert when the bear was around, but they could not discipline their German shorthair. If the dog barked when the bear was outside, the result was an instant attack.

One night as Joan Berry lay in bed she heard the familiar noises from the garbage cans. The bear was right on time, it had been exactly three days since its last visit. Mrs. Berry jumped out of bed and ran to get the dog, but the big pointer had heard the noises himself and raced into the kitchen barking and growling. Almost in the same second there was a thump and the back door started to buckle inward. Mrs. Berry held her breath as the bear crashed into the door once again, and she pulled and shoved the dog into another room and locked him in. The next time she looked out the back window, the bear was calmly selecting foodstuffs from the cans as though nothing had happened to disturb its equanimity.

A few days after this incident, Kellys Camp was noisy for a change. The day was bright, and the camp was full of vacationers and multiples of their children running about. Up on the porch of cabin No. 2 a feast had been laid out on a big table. A good time was going to be had by all, for this June 29, 1967 was the 57th birthday of one of the most popular of the camp's regular guests: W. R. (Tete) Hammond, a kind and gentle man who, with his wife, had been spending summers at Kellys Camp since 1955 and had long since come to be regarded as the unofficial marshal of the place. It was late in the afternoon when the guests began arriving, and soon there were nine on the wooden porch. They were singing *Happy Birthday to You* and other tributes that embarrassed Tete Hammond no end, and then somebody served a few drinks. One of the birthday celebrants strolled to the end of the porch and looked down the steep flight of eight or 10 rough-hewn steps that led to the forest floor and saw a bear standing there taking it all in. Somebody shouted, "Get the food inside!" Tete

rushed to get a look at the bear before it could run away. It was the seraway, many grizzly. As Tete watched from the head of the stairs, the bear calmly began walking toward the cabin. Tete shouted at it and made a few threatening gestures, but the grizzly continued on a straight line toward the foot of the steps. When the animal reached the bottom and began climbing, Tete shouted for everybody to get inside and picked up a heavy bench about four feet long. The animal was halfway up the steps when Tete lifted the bench and sent it crashing down. The edge of the bench hit the bear's foot, but the animal showed neither pain nor panic. It backed down the stairs, stood up on its hind feet and snorted, then dropped down and walked slowly into the brush.

Once again the party was resumed, but only a few minutes had passed when Tete heard screams from the south end of the camp. Someone was hollering, "Get a gun!" Tete went to his cabin and picked up his old lever-action .25-35 and hurried toward the noises. (Firearms, barred in Glacier Park itself, were permitted at Kellys Camp, since it was private property.) On the way he met his 9-year-old grandson and a girl of about 14 walking rapidly along the dirt road. Just as they reached Tete, the boy said in a loud whisper, "Don't run, but walk as fast as you can!" Tete looked down the road and saw the bear coming toward them at a range of about 60 feet. While the children rushed toward a cabin, Tete levered a cartridge into the chamber, checked off the safety and drew a bead on the hurrying animal, and when it was clear to him that the grizzly was not going to slow down, he fired a warning shot into the dirt about three feet from the bear. The animal stopped short and rose to its hind feet in the classic position of attack. Tete cocked the gun again and raised it to his shoulder. He held the grizzly's head square in the sights and was about to begin a slow squeeze on the trigger when the animal dropped down and circled around the back of a cabin. Tete wasted, and a short time later he heard a scream from the big house. He rushed over with his rifle cocked, but the bear had dashed to another part of the camp. Tete ran to his telephone and called park headquarters for help. An hour and four phone calls later, the bear was still foraging around the camp and no ranger had arrived. It

was almost dark when the frightened citizens of Kellys Camp heard the sound of a vehicle driving up and two armed rangers got out. They explained that they were sorry it had taken them so long, but they had been attending a first-aid course. They told the people not to worry, that they had seen the bear scurrying up the ridge toward Trout Lake as they had driven toward the camp.

"I don't claim to be an authority on bears," Tete Hammond spoke up, "but I'll tell you one thing for sure. That bear wasn't acting right. No, sir, that was no normal bear."

A few days later a ranger executive arrived in Kellys Camp on a routine visit, and Joan Berry, who had been away from the camp on the bear's most recent intrusion, took him to one side and said, "We've got a sick bear, a crazy acting bear around, and I wish you'd do something about it."

The official asked for a description of the animal and Mrs. Berry told him that it was a dark grizzly with a big, emaciated frame and a thin, elongated head. "I'm sure that he's dangerous and somebody's going to get hurt," the school-teacher said.

The ranger said, "Well, when his illness makes him go berserk, we'll do something about him," and made it plain that the matter was closed. His attitude made Mrs. Berry seethe. In all the decades since her family had homesteaded on the north shore of Lake McDonald, they had rarely reported a troublesome bear; they preferred taking their chances on coexistence. Kellys and grizzlies had been living together amicably since the 1800s, and Mrs. Berry felt that the ranger ought to know that and ought to have taken her complaint more seriously.

The next weeks were spent in a state of tension. The grizzly came back periodically and the residents of Kellys Camp drove about with rifles and shotguns on the seats of their cars and kept careful watch on their children and their pets. Several times rangers arrived with guns, but they were always a few minutes behind the wary animal.

When Aug. 1 arrived, the inhabitants of Kellys Camp recapitulated the bear's pattern: since the middle of June it had visited the place some 15 times, starting at first in a cycle of every three days, extending this to four and now arriving every fifth day. But then a ranger dropped by and told some of the res-

idents, "You shouldn't be having any more trouble. Your bear's at Trout Lake tearing up camps." For the first time that summer, Kellys Camp relaxed; both danger and notoriety had now passed by. Before the season was over, the crazy bear was to become known as "the Trout Lake bear."

To get to Trout Lake from Lake McDonald the hiker had to hit the trail not far from Kellys Camp and climb 2,000 feet in two miles, a rate that quickly eliminated any but the most serious of hikers (but hardly warmed up a bear). Once on top of the ridge, it was an easy 1,500-foot descent through the forest to the lush stand of vegetation that made the place popular with another sort of wildlife: bears, both grizzly and black. There was hardly a spot in Glacier Park where more grizzly sightings had been made—in fact a trio of visitors to Trout Lake once reported being treed by no less than five grizzlies simultaneously, something of a record for the National Park Service.

The lake lies in a bowl rimmed by mountains that tower thousands of feet above and duplicate themselves almost perfectly in the clear blue-green of the water. Camas Creek flows in the north end and out the south, and at the lower outlet several hundred huge tamarack trunks are crunched together into a logjam that will support a man's weight almost all the way across the water. To one side of the logjam a small clearing has been hacked out of the spruces and thick bushes that march down to the water's edge; in its center the Park Service has installed an iron grating for cooking, and the spot is popular with campers, who pitch their tents, drag a few cutthroat trout out of the lake and enjoy an epicure's feast in the forest.

The campsite was also popular with bears, especially with the Trout Lake bear. Although no physical contact was made between man and bear, there were times when the peculiar animal would follow campers for hundreds of yards, always staying 20 or 25 feet away, and scare them half to death. Almost always the victims of such encounters bore themselves later, the tenderfeet for not knowing that grizzlies are relatively harmless and the oldtimers for realizing it and still being afraid. There was something about this persistent grizzly that alarmed even the most knowledgeable. Grizzlies had been snooping in and out

continued

of the campsites of North America ever since the first primitive man had pitched the first camp, but they had not made their intrusions while the campsites were occupied—and certainly not while people were in the middle of meals and other activities. The oddly shaped grizzly did not seem to know fear. It stormed into camps and howled over fire tripods, tents and packs. It stayed exactly as long as it wanted to stay. It ignored the shouts and screams, and sometimes the rocks, of annoyed and displaced campers.

The rules of the National Park Service specify clearly that such a bear must be shot, but somehow the skinny animal managed to remain alive. Now and then an ashen-faced camper would make a report to the rangers in person, and others would scribble capsule comments on the trail registers. But no one was reading the trail registers (they were to be gathered at the end of the season and studied) and no one seemed to be listening to the first-person reports.

Eight or nine crow-flight miles from Trout Lake, but separated from it by the 9,000-foot cliffs and spires of the Livingstone Range, a stark and colorless mountain chalet hunkers down against the winds and snows of winter and opens its doors for guests only two months of the year. The place is called Granite Park Chalet, and it stands at the confluence of several busy footpaths which lead, like the spokes of a wheel, in all directions. Four miles down one of the trails is Going to the Sun Highway, that is the closest one can get to the chalet on anything but foot or horseback.

The bulky old building has endured half a century of winter's buffeting. By January or February of each year it is usually all but buried under snow and ice, and the last patch does not melt away until July or sometimes August. But in the short warmth of summertime, the chalet lies in spectacular surroundings, like a speck of common sandstone set in a ring of diamonds and rubies. The building itself is nothing more than an oversized blockhouse, an inflated version of a Swiss mountain hut. Except for a few additions and small outbuildings, the structure is a 48-foot square, two stories tall, with a heavily timbered roof and fieldstone sides. The chalet lies just below the timberline, at 6,600 feet, in an area where trees and brush and flowers lead an ephemeral existence.

The mountainside is like some of the deserts of the Southwest, drab and almost without color for nine or 10 months of the year and covered with a brilliant carpet of flowers in the summer.

In this timberline setting several species of fauna somehow manage to thrive. Columbian ground squirrels are common and occasionally one sees a golden-mantled ground squirrel. Now and then an elk will shoulder its way through the region, but the big-antlered animals are not common here. Of the larger mammals, only the grizzly appears with absolute regularity. The bench some 500 yards below the chalet is alive with some of the *pièces de résistance* of the grizzly cuisine, and in certain seasons of the year the soil of the bench is pockmarked from the busy, nocturnal diggings of the hungry bears. In the middle of this urbane happy hunting ground, to the great relief of the concessionaire, B. Ross Luding, the government had established a public campground.

For years Luding had been complaining about the hikers who laid out their sleeping bags on the porches and breezeways of his chalet, used the toilet facilities, dumped their trash in the chalet's containers and contributed nothing to the exchequer. Such activities would have been a minor irritant to any resort operator, but they were major to Luding. He was not a rich man, his profit margin was narrow, and every last scrap of tin can and aluminum wrap and pop bottle that appeared on the premises had to be carried out on muleback at high expense. Luding had found himself and his employees spending half their time cleaning up after the squatters.

The concessionaire's loud and justified complaints finally brought action in 1964. A trail boss hiked into the area, observed the wooded flat bench several hundred yards below the chalet, and dubbed it The Granite Park Campground. Luding directed all future campers down to the bench, where they could sleep out under the stars. Soon the campground was being used regularly, but not by anyone who knew better.

When Tom Walton and his wife Nancy accepted the summer job at Granite Park Chalet, they had only the vaguest idea of what they were doing. For four previous summers the 23-year-old Walton had worked as a fire fighter, but this new opening at the remote and

isolated Granite Park Chalet would offer him and his wife 24 hours of togetherness minus the dangers that came from roaring fires. So they accepted, and late in June 1967 they found themselves picking their way up the snowy trail on horseback. The chalet was half buried in drifts, even at this late date, but they were surprised to find no grizzly tracks. One of the ranger executives at headquarters had told them that he had made a few flights over the chalet earlier in the spring, and there had always been grizzlies around—once he had seen six on the chalet roof. Walton, a gentle person despite his fireplug build and his experience as a football lineman, was just as glad the bears were absent now.

For several days the Waltons worked almost around the clock, readying the chalet that they would help to manage all summer, along with Mrs. Eileen Anderson. The Waltons would take care of the guests, and Mrs. Anderson, a middle-aged woman from Minnesota, would boss a crew of girls who attended to everything else: kitchen work, bedmaking and general housekeeping. It fell to Tom Walton to fire up a small incinerator the Park Service had installed the year before for burning garbage. The park engineers had purchased the gas-fired incinerator with the hope that its use would halt the bad publicity resulting from the dumping of garbage near the chalet. Garbage attracted bears, and this violated the No. 1 canon of normal park management: Do Not Feed the Animals. The government had spent a mere \$84 on the device; the firebox was only as big as four or five shoe boxes.

The 1966 season was not very old when the chalet staff found the incinerator was not only too small, but the clouds of stench that curled into the rooms of the guests made many of them threaten to abandon the premises for good. The perturbed Ross Luding had thrown his hands in the air and told his kitchen help to do the best they could with the incinerator and throw the remaining leftovers out on the old garbage dump.

"It wasn't so bad," Luding commented later. "All day long you'd see the squirrels out there eating the stuff, and the birds would come, and once in a while you'd see a deer and they would clean up most of the stuff during the daytime. Then the bears'd come in at night and clean up the rest. Why, my goodness, there was nothing so new or dan-

gerous about it. Why, when I first took over the chalet 14 or 15 years before, the grizzlies came in every day and nobody ever got hurt."

Tom Walton found that the incinerator had not grown any over the winter. It would barely burn away the garbage of the eight or 10 members of the chalet staff. Walton told his wife that as soon as the guests began arriving another system would have to be figured out. The Waltons had been told to avoid dumping too much garbage in the gully behind the chalet because that would attract grizzlies and grizzlies would be dangerous to the guests.

The young couple had given little thought to the big bears in the general busyness of their first two or three days in the lonely place. Everyone had told them that they would see grizzlies galore during the summer, indeed, grizzlies were the main attraction at the chalet and everybody for miles around knew it. They also knew why the grizzlies came for the garbage. When tourists would check in at the visitors' centers at St. Mary and Rising Sun and Logan Pass and the ranger headquarters on the west side, they would soon find out that the most exciting trip in the park was the one to Granite Park Chalet to see the grizzlies.

But after several days the Waltons began to wonder, and a few members of the housekeeping staff, mostly young girls, began to worry. "Tom," one of them said one night, "we haven't even seen a sign of a bear. Maybe they're not gonna show up this summer."

By the third night the chalet staff was intact and everything was in readiness for the guests who would begin arriving shortly after the official opening on July 1. It was nearly midnight. Two of the girls were sitting around downstairs drinking a final cup of coffee, and the Waltons were almost asleep in their rooms just above, when the door to the outside began banging. A very annoyed Tom Walton climbed out of bed to secure the lock. He opened the door momentarily and flicked his flashlight beam down the backstairs and picked up the bright orange eyes of a big animal. He realized that he was looking at a grizzly, standing on top of a snowdrift not 20 feet away, and he slammed the door and locked it. "Don't go out there!" he shouted through the cracks in the floor. "There's a grizzly outside!" The girls' response was to jump up, run out the

door and begin searching for the animal. Luckily, it had fled.

By the middle of July the hot summer sun had sliced several feet off the snowdrifts around Granite Park Chalet. Soon the trails were completely clear and visitors were arriving by the dozens. Mrs. Anderson, a stickler for cleanliness, was frantic about the garbage. Each night there was more of it and the little incinerator could no longer handle the load. Tom Walton punched holes in the side of a 50-gallon drum and tried to burn garbage that way, but each morning he would go outside and find that the bears had arrived and knocked over the drum to dine on the unburned refuse. He talked the problem over with Mrs. Anderson and Ross Ludwig, and soon the garbage was being handled in the old manner—dumped in the gully.

As though they had been waiting in the wings for their cues, the bears began to show up regularly just after dark. For awhile the *Ursus arctos* changed from week to week, and the Waltons suspected that they were being visited by nomadic bears that had just left hibernation and were on the road. Two small huckin-colored grizzlies stayed around for a few days, but they soon gave way to others. In those middle weeks of July there was only one constant: each morning there would be the fresh tracks of a big bear and two cubs.

Then for a few days another consistent pattern developed. A large huckin grizzly and an equally large dark bear would slowly walk up the narrow trail and begin to pick at the food with great dignity shortly after dark. While they were dining, sometimes hucking off to wolf and threaten each other, a small light-colored bear would run at top speed up the draw and catapult itself into the garbage area like a character out of the animated cartoons. Word of the remarkable bear show had spread around the tourist centers and soon the chalet was groaning with 65 guests every night, at its capacity. There were daily hikes in from Logan Pass, led by ranger-naturalists. The parties would walk the scenic seven-mile trail along the Continental Divide and arrive at Granite Park Chalet footsore and weary. After dinner the revitalized visitors would sit in the chalet's main dining room and sing songs. Almost without fail Tom Walton or one of the chalet employees would arrive in the middle of the third or fourth song and

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GRIZZLY MURDER CASE *continued*

make the announcement about the bears, and 60 or 70 people—usually including their ranger-naturalist tour leader—would run outside to watch the animals growl and frolic and enjoy their evening repasts not 50 yards away. Walton soon learned from longtime visitors that such bear shows had been going on nightly at Granite Park Chalet for decades.

One evening the slop in the garbage pail included two pounds of spoiled bacon, and that night Walton noticed that two big bears squared off in a knock-down fight complete with loud grunts and ferocious swings and several near-decapitations. The guests clapped and applauded, and a few of them tried to creep down the gully to get closer to the grizzlies for pictures, but Walton quickly grabbed them and told them they were endangering their health. He found one man who had hidden behind a tree near the bears and ordered him back to the safety of the chalet.

After the night of the first big fight, Walton heard that any delicacy like a slab of spoiled bacon or a ham rind would cause the big animals to circle and threaten each other and sometimes trade blows, and since this seemed to go over big with the tourists and the bears did not seem to be concerned about anything but themselves, he was not worried. Once or twice, when the bears had been acting too docile to stir up the crowds, Walton slipped a few pieces of bacon into the pail and the bears reacted by fighting. One night, in fact, the battle broke out again after all the visitors had gone to bed, and for several hours the screams and growls continued intermittently in the night.

The ranger-naturalist who had led that afternoon's hike managed to sleep through all the noise, but a few days later he was ordered by park headquarters to provide a full report on "the bear fight at Granite Park." The enraged ranger came back to Walton for a fill-in, and when Walton asked how park headquarters had found out about the incident, the ranger told him, "It filtered back. Everything that happens up here filters back." Walton guessed that the park had a complete dossier on every event of the summer, including the abandonment of the faulty incinerator and the resumption of the nightly feeding schedule, but he did not see any reason to worry. Six or seven ranger-naturalists had regularly watched the bears

feed, and several other rangers, including a few executives, had spent the night at the chalet and witnessed the ritual and only one person had expressed the slightest hint of criticism. A high official of the park had said, "Tom, don't you feed those bears anymore."

"O.K.," Walton said.

"And you better start burning all your garbage in the incinerator we got for you," the ranger executive said.

Rather than argue, Walton nodded agreeably, but later that night told his wife that the instructions did not sound serious to him, that he was willing to bet that this particular ranger official enjoyed watching the feeding bears as much as anyone and was merely going through the motions of admonishing him. He discussed the matter with Luding, and the veteran concessionaire told him that there was nothing to worry about, to continue putting out the scraps. "It's against the rules," Luding said, "but I don't know what else to do and neither does the Park Service."

By early August the Granite Park Chalet's official two-month season was half over, and the grizzlies' visits to the garbage dump had become a big talking point in the park, but the Park Service's public position was that animal feeding was strongly prohibited by several dozen rules and regulations and therefore it must not be going on. Rangers and naturalists who took in the nightly display of grizzlies went along with their superiors. Most of the rangers had filed protests, written or verbal, at one time or another, to one executive or another, but when they saw that the ritual appeared inevitable, they ceased fighting city hall and said nothing more. High park officials would deny that so much as a single scrap of food was being put out for wild animals anywhere in the park. If such illegal activities were going on, they said, they would be the first to know about it.

Meanwhile, business at the chalet was booming. Some nights every bed would be taken and eight or 10 more customers would stretch out on the floor in their sleeping bags. If there had ever been a sliver of a chance that the small incinerator could handle the leftovers, it was gone now.

The innkeeper consoled himself with the fact that the bears' behavior had seemed to become more consistent as July had turned to August. There were

continued



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two of them now, regular nightly visitors, although tracks and other signs indicated that a sow and a pair of cubs were coming in late at night, long after the chalet was asleep. The two "regular" bears had learned to live with the powerful flashlights that were shone on them and with the monotone of awed conversation that came from the chalet 150 feet away, where a throng of guests watched in bushy excitement.

Walton and the chalet staff had not gone to the extreme of naming the bears, as others had done in the past. They were simply called No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1 was a big silvertip, a handsome animal with dark brown fur and great dignity. Sometimes the flashlights would catch No. 1 just right and its fur would take on a ghostly luminescence, and an admiring gasp would come from the on-lookers. Naturalists guessed the big bear's weight at 500 pounds.

No. 2 was smaller, with a shoddy coat and long claws. Probably the bear was old, with worn teeth; certainly it was crotchety, and it soon was playing the nightly role of villain in the little backyard tableaux. No. 1 would arrive from the direction of the trail cabin just after dark and a few minutes later No. 2 would come up the same path and start the trouble. Sometimes the massive silvertip would see the grouchy bear coming and simply move into the brush to wait. Then No. 2 would stuff itself with garbage and leave by the same route.

The summer of 1967 was unnaturally hot, and visitors were coming from all over to sit on glacial ice and turn their noses into the Alpine winds. Headquarters rangers frequently found themselves called from their normal duties to battle the persistent fires that broke out in the dry brush. The Park Service personnel were stretched thinner and thinner, and only a handful of skilled men were left to cope with the record crowds. In such an atmosphere, no one had time to keep track of bears, either black or grizzly, much less to keep records on the increasing number of face-to-face meetings between grizzlies and man, particularly at the remote places called Granite Park, Kellys Camp and Trout Lake.

While no one was noticing, the contacts between man and bear were nearing a moment when something would have to give. The moment came on Saturday, Aug. 12.

The Kleins, Robert and Janet, had

not been married long enough for major arguments, but now they were having a major disagreement. Janet had heard about the bears of Granite Park Chalet, and she announced that there was no force on earth, including her handsome 6' 7" husband, that could get her to sleep out on the campground that night. For his part Robert still was not convinced that the presence of a few bears should change their plans for a night underneath the limitless vault of the sky. Janet stood her ground like a wolverine and finally announced that big brave Robert could sleep outside if he wanted to, but she was going to scrape together \$12.50 and sleep in the chalet.

They were told that the young man in charge of the rooms was in the back burning trash, and the Kleins walked around the big log and stone building and introduced themselves to a sturdily built, bearded man who told them his name was Tom Walton. By now it was late afternoon, and Walton said that he was sorry but every bed was booked.

"Tell us frankly, what's the bear situation around here?" Klein asked. "That seems to be all anybody talks about."

Walton told them that two grizzlies had been coming in on a regular basis for two or three weeks now, that they came in from the trail that led down toward the trail cabin and the campground and returned by the same route.

"And they head down toward the campground?" Klein asked.

"In that general direction," Walton said. "But I wouldn't worry about it. Hundreds of people have camped there this summer and the bears haven't eaten anybody yet." The two men laughed, but Janet Klein gulped and told herself that the campground was out so far as she was concerned.

About 6:30 Robert and Janet, still at the chalet and still undecided, met a 20-year-old hiker from Paradise, Calif. named Don Gullett. Janet noticed Gullett's pack and sleeping bag and asked him how he could entertain the idea of sleeping out in this grizzly-infested area. Gullett told her that he was not worried about the bears and he had staked out a nice flat spot in the shadow of the trail cabin. Robert Klein asked Gullett how far it was from the trail cabin to the campground. "Oh, several hundred yards anyway," Gullett answered, and the three agreed to walk down the trail and take a look.

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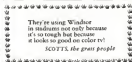
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GRIZZLY MURDER CASE *continued*

Janet Klein was wondering if she were not overreacting and threatening her husband's enjoyment unreasonably. The trail cabin site was charming. A tiny stream tinkled alongside and there were big patches of purple asters and red monkey flower. Off to the southwest one could make out the general area of the campground, but it seemed a safe distance away. Janet announced bravely that the site met her approval. The Kleins made camp some 20 feet from the uphill wall of the cabin, and Gullett laid his bag alongside the lower wall.

"Now let's forget about bears and enjoy ourselves," Robert Klein said, and he and Janet began getting supper while Gullett busied himself about 30 feet away. The Kleins were preparing to eat when a teen-aged couple arrived and asked where the campground was. When Klein pointed off to the left, the boy, who called himself Roy and looked to be about 18, said, "Well, if the campground's over there, why are the three of you camping here?"

"If you want the truth," Janet Klein said, "we're afraid of bears."

The younger couple laughed. "Oh, that's nothing to worry about," the boy said. His companion, an attractive girl of about the same age, laughed again as though the subject were a joke, and they bounced away toward the campground. The Kleins finished their dinner and carried all their refuse up to the chalet trash cans, hung around to talk and returned to their camp to watch

the spectacular sunset. Then they covered their provisions with plastic and hauled them to the top of a medium-sized sub-Alpine fir and climbed into their sleeping bags. "Now tell me again," Janet said, as the two of them lay under the bright moon and stars and tried to get to sleep, "what do we do if a bear comes?"

Robert Klein had carefully placed the flashlight and their boots within arm's reach. "We grab these," he said, "and we go up the side of the cabin to the roof." Not long after, the Kleins heard Don Gullett come back down the trail and prepare to turn in, and by 10 or 10:30 they were all asleep.

Except for the fact that they were an exceedingly handsome young couple, there was little to distinguish Roy Ducat and Julie Helgeson from the 850 other students who worked for the park concessionaires as waiters and busboys and cooks and clerks and at other assignments befitting their tender years and their willingness to work cheaply. If all these young people had one characteristic in common, it was the brashness of youth. Early each summer the park rangers would give lectures about the park and its dangers, and attendance was compulsory for the young employees, but none of them seemed to learn much from the lectures—or so the older rangers grumbled. It was a fact that the death and accident rate was high among the youngsters. Nobody kept



THE CHALET lies nearly four miles from the nearest access road. The Robert Kleins and Don Gullett camped near the trail cabin. Roy Ducat and Julie Helgeson stayed at the campground.

score, but Mel Ruder, the newspaperman who edited the *Hungry Horse News*, kept a studious eye on the park from a range of 15 miles away, and once estimated that an average of one employee per year did not return home alive. They died on mountain climbs for which they were not prepared, on narrow roads they refused to respect and in high-altitude lakes that were 20° colder than the lakes back home. "But thank God none of them ever died at the hands of grizzlies," Ruder said, "and maybe this is why the kids would yawn and close their ears when the rangers would tell them about the danger from bears."

Roy Ducat, working for the summer as a bushy at East Glacier Lodge, was a cut above most of his young colleagues, both intellectually and physically. At 18 he was already a sophomore in biology at Bowling Green State University, not far from his home in Perryburg, Ohio. He was not overpoweringly strong, but he could hold his own on an all-day hike, he had worked as a lifeguard and he kept himself in shape.

His companion, Julie Helgeson, was a lovely slender girl with brown hair and blue eyes and a deep interest in nature. At 19 she was two years out of high school, where she had been a pom-pom girl, a singer in the school choir and a class leader. Now a sophomore at the University of Minnesota, she kept up her active life in the church. Her father liked to describe her in a short phrase, "a beautiful, bubbling girl." Julie had been in Glacier Park for two months, working in the laundry at East Glacier Lodge, before she felt ready for her first overnight hike into the wilderness. A few days earlier she had said goodbye to her parents, who had headed back to Albert Lea, Minn., after a two-day visit in the park.

The two youngsters had filled their packs with camping gear and goodies, picked up sack lunches from the kitchen of the lodge and hitchhiked the 20 miles to Logan Pass, jumping-off point for the seven-mile Highline hike to Granite Park. It was 7 p.m. when they arrived at the chalet and talked to Gullett and the Kleins, and 8 p.m. before they had looked around and finally settled on the official campground for their headquarters. Back at the chalet getting their packs, they noticed table scraps behind the back wall, but Roy had already heard about the bears that visited

continued
51



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GRIZZLY MURDER CASE *continued*

the place and he was not especially worried. They would be sleeping 500 yards away. Just before they started down the trail for the night, a woman asked them where they were headed. "To the campground," Roy said.

"But that's exactly where the bears come from," the woman said. "Aren't you afraid?" The two young people laughed and said they were not afraid.

They laid out their sleeping bags and nibbled at their sack lunches and enjoyed the sunset. Just before dark Roy carried the dinner leftovers to a log about 200 yards away and cached them underneath. Snuggled into their soft sleeping bags, they were warm and contented, and they chatted for a while as the last slivers of daylight faded down the mountain. Then they were asleep.

Earlier on that same brooding Saturday, Aug. 12, a party of youngsters had pushed up and over Howe Ridge, the 2,000-foot-high barrier separating McDonald and Trout lakes, some 10 miles south of Granite Park. Only the puppy, Squirt, a mixed breed with oversized feet that suggested a trace of German shepherd, had tired once or twice. When he did, one of the strong young people would carry him like a baby until he had recovered his breath. They were all in a hurry—they had got off to a late start and wanted to reach Trout Lake in time for some fishing and a relaxed outdoor meal. They had never heard of the ragged grizzly with the oddly shaped head or of the trouble earlier in the summer at Kellys Camp on Lake McDonald.

There were five in the party, all of them employees of concessionaires, and all but one of them veteran campers in the backcountry of Glacier National Park. The exception was a 16-year-old boy, Paul Dunn, who had arrived in the park three weeks earlier on a visit with his parents and promptly accepted a summertime job as busboy in the East Glacier Lodge. When the boy was asked if he would like to chaperone two couples on a weekend camp-out near a place called Trout Lake, he happily accepted. He had heard nothing in particular about grizzly bears around Trout Lake; indeed, he had barely heard of the lake itself, since he was stationed on the opposite side of the park, across the Divide. Before his parents had gone home, they all had listened to an orientation lec-

ture by a park ranger. About all Paul remembered from the talk was the information that a grizzly will not attack you if you do not attack it, and if you see one just climb a tree. Oh, yes, there was one other point that the ranger had made: "Never take a dog on a trail." The ranger had said something about a poodle or some kind of dog being mangled by a bear the year before and that dogs and bears were natural enemies.

Now Paul and the two young couples were starting on the trail down toward Trout Lake, and assuredly there was a dog with them, but Paul Dunn was not particularly worried. The floppy-footed Squirt was under human control and no one in the party equated him with danger. Red-haired Denise Huckle, a 20-year-old summertime room clerk and wintertime college student, had befriended the sick and weakened puppy after he had been abandoned in the park, and before setting out on the hike she had looked high and low at Lake McDonald Lodge for a leash, finally settling for a strong cord. Now the young animal alternately strained at the cord and begged for attention, and the hikers took turns obliging.

The two other young men in the party were brothers: Ray and Ron Noseck of Oracle, Ariz. Ron was 21, a waiter at East Glacier Lodge and Denise's date for the overnight trip. Ray was 23, a service-station manager near Lake McDonald Lodge and the other girl's date. Both the Nosecks were attending dental school at the University of Louisville.

The other girl was Michele Koons, 19, a frail and beautiful young lady who came from San Diego and was about to begin her second year at California Western University. She was working in the gift shop at Lake McDonald Lodge, where the manager of the shop described her as "a blessing, a girl with a zest for life." Michele's zest for life had taken her to Trout Lake several times before. Unlike Paul Dunn, she was aware that grizzlies frequented the area.

It was just before 5 in the afternoon when the hikers reached the broad patches of berry bushes and looked down on the blue-green waters below. As they neared the logjam camp where they intended to spend the night, the hikers could see circles dappling the water, the cutthroat trout were already feeding on their evening diet of flies and it would not be long before the skillet would be

continued



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GRIZZLY MURDER CASE continued

popping and crackling and the fragrant aroma of frying fish filling the air.

Setting up camp alongside the logjam took a matter of minutes. The hikers were so eager to catch their dinner before nightfall that they did little more than drop their packs and head for the lake, stopping only to cram their food into a single bag and haul it high into a tree. Michele Koons elected to stay behind while the others were gone. She could watch the dog and tidy up the camp, and when the others returned with their catches they could get right down to dinner with a minimum of delay. The girl and the dog stayed together for two or three hours, then the others returned. Paul Dunn had a single cutthroat, and he began to prepare it. Michele gave him a supplementary hot dog, and the 16-year-old boy laid both the fish and the frankfurter on top of the fire grate. Soon they were sizzling, and a thin wisp of aromatic smoke followed the gentle off-lake breeze and curled up the hill toward the berry patch.

Michele, weary from her preparations for the dinner, was sitting at the edge of the campsite on a stump when she looked into the darkening woods in the direction of the smoke and saw a large shadowy form about 10 feet away. She jumped up and screamed, "Here comes a bear!" Ron Noseck untied the dog's leash, grabbed the animal in his arms and joined the others in a headlong flight up the rocky lakeshore away from the logs and campsite. All five of the campers came to a stop about 50 yards away, and they watched as a scrawny brown grizzly descended upon their campsite and went to work. The bear strolled from dish to dish, taking big gulps and salivating generously and licking its chops with a long tongue. Inexplicably, the lean animal grabbed a pack in its mouth and ran a few yards up the hillside with it, but just when the evicted campers were hoping that the grizzly was gone for good, it returned to the camp as suddenly as it had left and resumed eating. When 15 or 20 minutes had passed and darkness was coming on, someone suggested that they abandon the old camp and spend the night where they were. Denise cradled Squirt

in her arms while the other four gathered wood for a new fire. When the fire was ignited, the campers saw the grizzly saunter off in the opposite direction and disappear over the logjam.

Now they hurriedly discussed the situation. Someone suggested that they dash over Howe Ridge to the safety of the Lake McDonald ranger station, but it was already dark and they had only one undersized flashlight. Anyway, the bear had disappeared in the general direction of the trail, and the group decided to stay as far as possible from the peculiar animal. Someone else suggested a flight in the opposite direction, along the lake trail to the Arrow Lake shelter cabin, but then it was remembered that the cabin was jammed full of weekenders and a two-mile hike in Arrow Lake would force the refugees to depend on the inadequate flashlight to illuminate a trail through some of the thickest brush in the park.

After the bear had been gone for several minutes, the group regained courage and fell back, once again, on the notion that nothing would happen so long as they gave the bear a wide berth. Paul and the Nosecks went down to gather up the sleeping bags and a sack of cookies and a package of Cheezits that the bear had left, and returned within a few minutes to the new camp at the water's edge. As a double deterrent to the bear, the campers decided to keep the fire roaring all night and erect a kind of log barrier between them and the old campsite. When a stack of wood had been positioned, the five nervous hikers arranged their sleeping bags in a semicircle around the fire and turned in. Denise looped Squirt's leash over a log next to the fire and patted the dog into place between herself and the log. While the two couples and the boy from Minnesota whispered away in the general direction of sleep, the girl from Arizona kept a gentle hold on her pet. It was a comfort to both of them. Now and then one of the men would get up and throw a log on the fire, and soon the little camp was as still as the camp below Granite Park Chalet where the Kleins, Don Guillett, Roy Ducat and Julie Helgeson slept.

NEXT WEEK: A NIGHT OF HORROR

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PEOPLE

Speaking of people, the R.T. French Co. is making people crackers for dogs—milkmen, mailmen, policemen, dogcatchers and burglars, all packed in an animal-cracker-size box.

After suffering a heart attack in March, Jackie Jensen received many messages, one from former Red Sox Catcher Sam White. "He sent a clipping which read, 'Jackie Jensen stricken with heart attack during his team's workout.' Sam wrote, 'Jespers, Jack, they can't be that bad.'"

◆ Folksinger Pete Seeger sings what he thinks, and among other things lately he has been thinking of New York's Hudson River. Seeger lives, and when he has time, sails, on the Hudson, and he has composed a Hudson River song, which goes like this:

Sailing down my dirty stream,
Still I love it, and I'll keep
the dream,
That someday, maybe not
this year,
My Hudson River will once
again run clear.



To hasten that day Seeger has been active as chairman of the Hudson River Sloop Restoration Corp., which commissioned Naval Architect Cyrus Hamlin to build a 76-foot sloop of the type which used to ply the Hudson but has not been built since the turn of the century. Seeger has just completed a tour to raise money for the craft, to be named *The Clearwater*. Scheduled for launching next week in South Bristol, Me., she will then make her way down the coast to New York, where she will serve as sort of a floating museum of Hudson River history and a focus of attention on the river's present condition. "Pete has a Sailfish," a friend points out, "and on a Sailfish you're darned close to the water. Sailing right in the cesspool, you might say."

The Pennsylvania Senate recently passed a bill establishing a penalty of \$5,000 or five years in jail for persons convicted of bribing a jockey. The vote was 39-1 in favor, the lone dissenter, Senator Richard Snyder of Lancaster, said he voted against the proposal because it was an insult to legislators. The penalty for bribing a State Senator in Pennsylvania is only \$500 or one year in jail.

Bob Hoffman, editor and publisher of *Strength & Health*, described in a recent issue how he became a champion canoe tiler. A canoe tiler either overturns his opponent's canoe or knocks him from the gunwales into the water, and it is dived upon Mr. Hoffman that one should learn to cling to the gunwales with one's toes. "I lifted dumbbells with my feet," he reports. "I practiced pulling my toes apart. I became so proficient at holding the canoe between my toes that I have pulled under a low



bridge and done a chin-up while holding a 70-pound canoe between my toes. This was an extraordinary feat, but I had learned to lift a 50-pound dumbbell with each foot as I held it between my toes. . . . Well, in his editorial Mr. Hoffman said that it was his duty to include all phases of weight training in his magazine. Obviously he wasn't kidding.

Actor Lee Marvin has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts by St. Leo College in Florida, and a new dormitory there is to be named Lee Marvin Hall. Marvin attended St. Leo, which was then a prep school, for 3½ years in the early '40s. He is remembered as an outstanding athlete, a trackman, in particular, but one story has it that his pitching kept him from graduating—pitching a classmate out of a second-story window.

◆ In the confusing world of tennis, where there are pros, amateurs, registered players, players and Torben Ulrich, the most individualistic niche belongs to Denmark's nonsquare, Mr. Ulrich (SI, April 7). Finding the state of the sport at home distasteful,

Torben captured a photograph in which he is purportedly signing a pro contract, for three-pence, in the presence of two comic-opera witnesses. This is explained as a "protest against the ridiculous and hypocritical Danish rules of amateurism."

Olympic boxing champion George Foreman receives a modest \$500 a month for doing public relations work on behalf of the Job Corps, having consistently turned down more lucrative offers because, as he says, "Once you get an image and speak to kids you got to be careful what you get yourself into. They listen to what you say and they watch what you do. Now I don't think boxers and football players are qualified people to go around telling others how to improve their lives—that ought to be left to the intellectuals. But if you do something in sports you sort of become an example, and whether you want it or not, you get the responsibility." There are rewards, of course. Foreman was invited to Former President Johnson's last state dinner. "I felt very proud and honored," he recalls, "but to tell the truth, the food wasn't as hot."

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The almost anonymous partner

Victor Mitchell can play cards and he also possesses a quality that the experts rate highest, but far too many bridge fans barely know of him

The trouble with being Sam Stayman's partner is that to the general public your name is bound to be overshadowed by that of the man who invented one of the best-known conventions in world bridge. Thus I frequently hear a surprised opponent of Victor Mitchell—Stayman's regular partner—say, "Mitchell is a much underrated player."

Wrong! Victor most certainly is not underrated by his colleagues. He is a bridge player's bridge player, possessing to a rare degree the attribute that experts value highest. They call it table presence, it means, simply, the utmost

awareness of what is going on in the minds of the other three players at the table. Without it, the highest technical skill is unavailing. With it, and the kind of skill that Mitchell possesses, you have a lifesaving partner and a deadly opponent.

The Stayman team won its way to the finals of the Vanderbilt team event in Cleveland earlier this spring, when it defeated a team led by Alvin Roth. The margin of victory was 79 points, so this deal was hardly the crux of the match, but it involved an extremely rare kind of play—a "one-suit squeeze."

And it was executed by Victor Mitchell.

Stayman's double of the one-spade overcall was not for penalties. It was a negative double turned against its originator, Alvin Roth. The double showed a hand of limited strength, seven to 11 points, with support for the unbid suits.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH			
♠	7 2		
♥	K Q 5		
♦	A 9 5 2		
♣	J K 5 4		
WEST			
♠	A Q J 10 6		
♥	A 2		
♦	K 7 4		
♣	Q 10 5		
EAST			
♠	5 5 4		
♥	A 9 4		
♦	Q J 10 6 3		
♣	7 2		
SOUTH			
♠	K 8 3		
♥	J 10 7 6 3		
♦	8		
♣	A K 6 3		
SOUTH (Mitchell)			
1 ♠			
PASS			
WEST (Roth)			
1 ♦			
2 ♣			
NORTH (Stayman)			
2 ♠			
3 ♦			
EAST (Roth)			
2 ♠			
(All Pass)			

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds



It did not promise support for hearts, although in this instance North had this support and his showing of it ended a fine competitive auction. East-West can make two or three spades, Mitchell managed to find a way to make three hearts.

A low diamond was opened by West, Paul Trent, who comes as close to being the shortest of the bridge stars as Roth's recent partner, Bill Root, is among the tallest. Mitchell won with dummy's ace, then ruffed a diamond on which West dropped the king. Always ready to credit his opponents with superplays, Mitchell suspected, from the auction and the play thus far, that West just might have underled a doubleton king of diamonds in order to get East in for a spade lead. Mitchell also considered it quite likely that West had a six-card spade suit.

On the next lead to dummy's heart king, Roth held up the ace. Mitchell countered by returning a low heart, and Roth won this and continued a trump in order to prevent South from even-

tually ruffing his third spade in dummy. On the third round of hearts, West discarded the 10 of spades, retaining the 6 so that if South later led a low spade from his hand, East could win the trick and return a spade through declarer's king. Having won the heart return in dummy, Mitchell cashed the ace and king of clubs and led a third round, throwing West in with the queen of clubs. Mitchell was hoping that West at this point would be holding nothing but spades and would thus be forced to yield a trick to South's king. But West got out by producing another diamond.

The appearance of this last diamond was a disappointment to Mitchell, who now knew that had he ruffed a third diamond before leading clubs he could have engineered the end play that would have forced West to lead the spade suit. But when South ruffed the diamond return with his last trump and led a club toward dummy's jack he engineered an even more elegant play—a squeeze in one suit.

This was the situation:



No matter what spade West discarded he was hooked.

If West let go his 6 of spades, declarer would lead a spade from dummy and duck. West would be forced to win and surrender a trick to the spade king. But when West discarded the jack of spades he was no better off. On the spade return from dummy, East had to put up the 9 in order to try to keep partner out of the end play. South covered with the king and made his ninth trick with the 8-spot.

As the cards were placed, this may not have been the easiest way to play the hand, but it turned out to be the most resourceful. **END**

Taste that beats the others cold!



**“I’d rather have a little
Old Taylor than a lot of
anything else.”**

The Montreal Canadiens enjoyed a highly profitable and relaxing four days in St. Louis last week. They got in some golf, watched the Cardinals lose another baseball game and wagered a few bucks at the track. Then, on Sunday afternoon—sunburned and well-rested—they beat the St. Louis Blues for the fourth straight time to win their 14th Stanley Cup championship and an extra \$7,500 per man.

Last year when the Blues were new to the NHL and eager to prove they belonged, they had forced the Canadiens to hustle for their four one-goal victories, two of which went into overtime. This time, however, with the exception of Sunday's game, in which they played well, the Blues looked neither hungry nor inspired, and as a result the series was an almighty bore.

"The Blues," said Canadian Defenseman Jacques Laperriere, "I think they need a few more forwards who can skate and put the puck in the net. We made many mistakes against St. Louis, many more than we usually do, but we got away with them. If we made the same mistakes against a team like Boston they would kill us."

As a practical matter, of course, the Canadiens had won the Cup the previous week by eliminating Boston in the East finals; the St. Louis series was a formality. It was not merely that St. Louis lost four straight to Montreal (the Blues are now 0-16-2 against the Canadiens), but how they lost the first three that was disturbing to a number of people.

Coch Scotty Bowman in particular.

The Blues hit bottom on Thursday night as they opened at home before a record crowd of 16,338: a marvelously animated gathering that deserved something better. Fans who had applauded the Blues when they took the ice were booing them when they left. St. Louis' only goal was disallowed halfway through the first period when Referee John Ashley ruled that the puck had gone in off Frank St. Marseille's skate instead of his stick, and the Canadiens took over after that to win 4-0 and go three games up. "We looked complacent," said Bowman. "You could see that when nobody really got upset about that disallowed goal."

"Let's face it," said Boston Coach Harry Sinden, who was still recovering from his club's four razor-thin losses to Montreal. "The way things are right now

Montreal ho-hums the Blues

Outclassed by the Canadiens in the anticlimactic Stanley Cup final, St. Louis' West champions failed to win a single game for their fervent fans

the Blues can only look as good as the Canadiens will let them look. To beat Montreal you have to press them, rush them, hit them in their own end—like we did. But to do that you have to have the players—and right now we're the only club with nearly the players Montreal has. No expansion club is close."

Still one had to admire the dexterity with which the Canadiens dumped the Blues. Following the tough Boston series Montreal might understandably have taken St. Louis for granted and blown a game or two. And the Blues did have hockey's best goaltenders in Jacques Plante and Glenn Hall.

"After playing Boston it was a little tough to get up for these guys," said Montreal's John Ferguson, who scored the winning goal in Sunday's 2-1 victory. "But you've got to remember that we don't fool around when there's a lot of jack at stake. Almost everybody

has some kind of bonus that depends on how we do in the playoffs. People talk about the magic of Montreal and things like that. Well, we're all in this thing to make money, and when we've got a chance to do it we're not going to blow it."

The Canadiens, moreover, seemed to get a special kick out of scoring on Plante, who performed well in the first game but rather lackadaisically in the third. Plante had played for 10 years in Montreal, and when he was traded to New York in 1963 he left few close friends on the Canadiens. During the regular season Bowman had refrained from using Plante against the Canadiens (and Hall, an ex-Black Hawk, against Chicago), but in the Montreal series he decided to alternate his goaltenders.

"Because of Plante we worked harder against St. Louis," said Laperriere. "Plante talks about us. He talks too

continued



MONTREAL DEFENSEMEN HARPER (10) AND LAPERRIERE (3) COOL A ST. LOUIS RUSH

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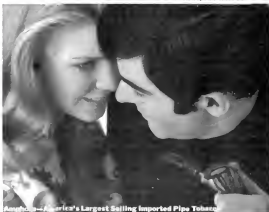
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HOCKEY *continued*

much. It starts when he leaves us and goes to New York. He talks and talks."

"When I see those eyes looking out from behind that mask, I want my shots to come from cannons," said little Yvan Cournoyer, who has the sack to do just that kind of punning.

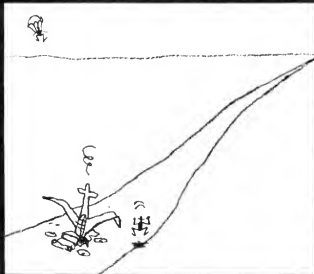
Even the stately Jean Beliveau — surely the most valuable player in the playoffs — seemed to get extra satisfaction from setting up three goals for Dick Duff on Plante. In a New York game several years ago Beliveau had stolen the puck and broken in on Jacques all by himself. A master of the breakaway goal, Beliveau could have done the job quickly — but in this instance he took a few extra seconds. He faked this way and then that. Only when he had Plante hopelessly sprawled on the ice did he slap the puck into the goal. Somebody asked Beliveau about it afterward. "I just wanted to make Jacques swim a little," he said.

Unfortunately, fans outside St. Louis and Montreal were swimming in a sea of apathy last week, and this should give the NHL governors something to ponder when they meet in Montreal next month. Last year, because Glenn Hall had a particularly hot hand and Beliveau was injured, the Cup finals were more exciting than anyone had expected they would be. Last week's games have revived talk of a playoff setup with interdivisional matchups in the semifinals so as to get the league's two best teams into the finals. The chances of such a plan being adopted, however, are slim. Since the NHL's established owners want to help the new ones make money in every way except by providing them with good hockey players, they are almost certain to continue the present system.

"In the long run this will be best," said Frank Selke Jr., general manager of the Oakland Seals and a member of the NHL's playoff committee. "When the new clubs reach parity with the old and their rivalries have been fully developed, the playoffs in the West should be just as dramatic and exciting as those in the East. There's one change we've got to make, though. We've got to make sure the finals open in the rink of the West team, so that the West club has at least a chance to win one of the first two games. With St. Louis opening in Montreal this year, there was no way the Blues could come back home any better than 0-2."

END

You ever get the feeling it's a plot, Mr. Price?



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SLIMMED-DOWN DEATH ON THE GREENS

Put on your bracelets, Kathy is here

When Kathy Whitworth sets her mind to winning a tournament chances are she will, so the other lady pros might as well go home

A reviewer given the chance to elucidate on the atmosphere of the Ladies' Professional Golf Association tour might well come up with such snappy descriptions as "fresh," "light," "entertaining" and maybe even "wholesome." But somewhere along the line he must face another reality, one that is, unfortunately, more a plague on women's golf than a pleasantry. To wit, the LPGA tour is probably the most static of all our national sports shows. This statement would seem to fuel the constant debate that goes on among those on the outskirts of sheer fandom as to which sporting events are strictly routine and predictable, therefore flat, tedious and undeserving of so much attention.

There are some people, for instance, who believe the tactical development of pro football has caused each game to look alike and every season to resemble just one long exchange of downs between the Eagles and the Lions. Others say track-and-field meets are so repetitious that contestants could mail in their times and distances every week and the results of the competition would not change.

Men's golf used to be the biggest culprit in this respect. Arnie and Jack, Billy and Gary won. Everybody else lost. Drive one, putt two, turn to another channel. Pretty simple, really. Since the PGA now has a lot of other guys who can win, and since football and track have too many followers to argue against without being punched in the mouth, the undisputed champion of regularity—and too often monotony—has become the women's pro golf tour. There, every week, every tournament, all of the following are certain to take place:

1) Paul Jerioun, the tournament supervisor of the LPGA, will make an unpopular ruling, after which several girls will cry, moan and complain and then admit that Paul was right after all, kiss him and make up.

2) A man with a blue baseball cap and a black-and-blue handicap will come out of the gallery to shake his head and say something like, "Jeez, didja see that one? These girls know how to hit it like you won't believe."

And 3) Kathy Whitworth will either a) win the tournament or b) scare whoever is winning it right back under her hair dryer.

Over the past four years, in fact, Miss Whitworth has beaten enough people out of enough money to force many of her sister golfers into hocking their dryers and taking up shuffleboard for a living. She has been the leading money-winner on the tour every year since 1965. She has led the Vare Trophy standings (for low-scoring average) three of the past four seasons. She was named Woman Athlete of the Year twice (1965 and 1966) and LPGA Player of the Year all three times the award has been given. Probably more than anyone else, Kathy Whitworth must also take responsibility for making each week's tournament a chase instead of a race for most of the other 50 touring women.

The men's tour has been dispossessed of its Big Three image for several years now, but the ladies' triumvirate marches on, unwilling to make room at the top. Of the 91 official tournaments of the LPGA schedule during the past three years, Mickey Wright, scoring sporadically, Carol Mann, scoring rarely, and Miss Whitworth, just plain scoring, have won 59, or almost two-thirds. Last season the trio's dominance was most obvious. Kathy won 10 events, Carol won 10 and Mickey, playing less than half the season, won four. Total: 24 of 32 tournaments. No other girl won more than once.

To be sure, prospects for a more competitive tour are considerably brighter than these statistics indicate. There are other girls who have struggled for years along the tour and are just now bringing their games to maturity.

Players like Donna Caponi, Glenna Ehret and Margie Masters, now in their fifth year, and Pam Barnett and Sharon Miller, in their fourth, are all considered capable of stardom. Miss Ehret has already won the LPGA championship, as has Sandra Post, the 20-year-old Canadian who was such a delightful surprise last season. Sandra Palmer is another girl who has quietly developed into a solid contender after five years on the tour.

But though each of these players and a few veterans like Sandra Haynie, who won in Shreveport last week, Muriel Lindstrom and Sandra Spuzich will always be around collecting checks, the fact remains that this looks like a typical year on the ladies' tour. And that

continued



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means another Kathy Whitworth year.

Miss Whitworth's spring started auspiciously enough when she hung around the lead and then won the Orange Blossom in St. Petersburg by parring No. 1 as Marlene Hagge double-bogeyed No. 18. (The girls had been sent off on a "shotgun" start after the final round was delayed a day because of rain.) Kathy won the next week, again, by biding time until Miss Post, who looked like she had the tournament locked, blew to a 78 on the last day. Kathy won the third time by lapping the field at Port Malabar and then the fourth by coming from behind to tie Miss Wright, and then beating her on the first hole of the playoff. Just like that—presto—Kathy Whitworth had won four consecutive tournaments. Her streak was halted short of a new record the following week in Raleigh when Miss Mann won.

Kathy Whitworth joined the tour out of Jal, N. Mex. in 1959, a tall, fat girl with a bad temper who couldn't do anything but score. At the time Mickey Wright said she wasn't ready, and Carol Mann, herself a young amateur, remembers only Kathy's "neat little mouth sticking out of all this bulging flesh in her cheeks." Kathy weighed more than 200 pounds in junior high school, but she has lost weight every year since and is now a trim 145.

From the beginning, it seems now, Miss Whitworth was destined to play in the shadow of Miss Wright, the scorer vs. the stylist. Kathy's first big year was 1962, when she won twice and finished second eight other times, most of them behind Mickey. With the exception of 1964, when "I got a big head and thought they were going to hand me championships on a silver platter," she has won at least eight tournaments each season and has evoked comparisons with her chief rival, although never as much public acclaim.

The two competitors are entirely different types, Miss Mann believes. "I admire Mickey for her superior skills," says Carol. "Kathy has great inner strength. She is probably a better competitor because she had to be. She is the best under pressure of anybody who ever played this tour."

Miss Whitworth's putting is the object of constant amazement among her fellow players. They say that she never three-putts, that she never makes any mistakes on the green, that she is a ma-

continued



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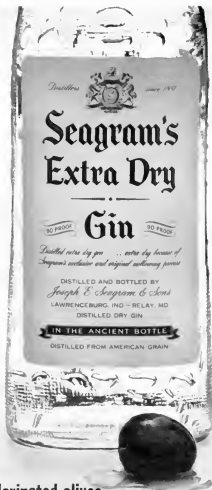
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GOLF continued

gician, that she is an artist. "When she has to have a putt, I mean absolutely has to have it for victory, she gets it every time," says Sandra Hayne. "Post and I tied at Port Charlotte this year, and Kathy needed a seven-footer to beat us. I put on my bracelets and was ready to go home before she hit the ball. There wasn't going to be a playoff." Kathy's instrument of destruction on the greens is a metallic-gray Hagen "Tomboy" model that has a copper ring in its head and resembles something out of Dr. Strangelove. Carol Mann calls it The Weird Monster, and Kathy says people keep coming up and asking if it is a lucky penny she has inside her putter.

Sandra Post seems to talk for all of the younger players when she speaks of Whit. "I still get nervous playing with her," says Sandra. "She's got all those titles after her name. It's scary. The only time I wasn't nervous was when I met her in the playoff for the LPGA last summer. I knew I'd finish second, so I wasn't worried."

Instead, Sandra routed Kathy, 68 to 75. It was one of the few times Miss Whitworth was unable to reach her "close-off point," that frame of mind where she shuts out all distractions, bears down and, as Carol Mann says, "doesn't let negative things happen to her."

So far, the only negative thing about Miss Whitworth's career has been her inability to win the Women's Open. She has never played well in the Open, she thinks, because she is always trying too hard.

"I get so high I just go nuts," she says. "I think it's because it's not one of our tournaments, and they always play it on the kind of plush courses we aren't used to. The USGA runs it, and it has so much tradition. You get up on that tee and they don't go on about what you've won or who you are. They just say, 'Now on the tee, Kathy Whitworth. Play away, please.' It's just you, then. Wooooo, it's something."

This year the Open will be held at Seaside Hills in Pensacola, Fla., a course the pros know and one that Miss Whitworth plays well. "I think I have my best chance this time," she says. "I'm determined to win, because if I don't do it now I may never do it."

If Kathy Whitworth is true to her game as well as her word, everybody better put on their bracelets and get ready to go home.

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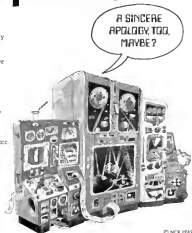
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YOUR TIME, NOT YOUR DOLLAR

It's lines, lines, lines at the ticket windows as hockey leagues, the Globetrotters, wrestling, country music and myriad other spectacles are finding new success inside that astonishing structure, the modern arena, a building that is changing the patterns of American sport—and life

by FRANK DEFORD

The 1969 face of the land stretches out in parking spaces before us: asphalt waves of carports with houses attached, of shopping centers named Gateway and Northwind, of Holiday Inns and Burger Chefs, Sunocos, TravelLodges, Dairy Queens, Citigos, Minnie Pearls, McDonalds. And now to this Americana scene can be added a structural newcomer, the round parking-lot-surrounded mounds that rise like giant mushrooms across the horizon. They are the new arenas, a municipal phenomenon that is bringing high-quality sport into every nook and cranny of America, just the way the other modern establishments

have brought to every man the best in French fries, vibrating beds and piano bars. The arena, more than any other, is the building for this time, an edifice held in such esteem by a proud citizenry that it is usually called "The Coliseum," for no name can be too highfalutin. It is a phenomenon that all by itself is changing the entertainment habits and sporting interests of millions.

AudArena Stadium guide estimates that there are already at least 355 arenas in North America with a seating capacity of 5,000 or more, and 105 with 10,000 or more. Two out of every three arenas standing today have been



DRAWING BY TOM ALLEN

constructed in the last 20 years. Almost a quarter of them are five years old or less, and the boom is not likely to stop until every ambitious town of any size has treated itself to one.

The state of Virginia offers a worthy example of the trend, for until recently the Old Dominion did not possess a single arena large enough to fit a fair-sized Virginia reel into. Then, in 1967, Salem—a town of 24,000 that lies near Interstate 81—built itself a mushroom that can seat 7,000, almost one-third the population, and park 3,500 cars. Almost at once Salem had its own professional ice

hockey team and was being visited by such attractions as ice shows and the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus—something no other town its size could claim.

Five miles east of Salem is Roanoke, pop. 102,000. Seeing what Salem had wrought, Roanoke is building an 11,000-seat arena. A scant 25 miles the other way, down U.S. 11 and over to Blacksburg, pop. 7,000, another 11,000-seat arena has been completed, this one on the Virginia Tech campus. If events are ever scheduled at the same time in all three buildings, warm bodies will have to be bussed in from Radford and Lynchburg to fill them up. Yet this is

continued

still minor league compared to what is going on farther east where, in a 100-mile corridor of Richmond, Hampton and Norfolk, three arenas are going up that will cost a total of \$65 million and seat 35,000.

Suddenly there are so many arenas that the metropolitan area that does not possess one seems emasculated in its efforts to attract industry, tourists, conventions, publicity or even plain old suburbanites. Besides, a town's residents—having seen top entertainment on TV—are no longer content to while away the hours kicking tires down at the Mobil station. Says Carson Bain, the ebullient mayor of Greensboro, N.C., which has just committed itself to \$5 million in improvements for an arena that is only a decade old: "These buildings are no longer luxuries. They are necessities for the cities of the '70s. I mean that. America needs them for the happiness of a community, and in the long run, I'm afraid, for civic peace as well."

In years past, the arena has been dismissed as nothing more than a place of rough male discourse, tart cigar fumes and drab rows of heavy pleated pants, a building whose antecedents were the gymnasium, the union hall and the poolroom down on the corner. But if this were once true, it is no longer. Indeed, at a time when populations tend to splinter into numerous demanding interest groups, the arena has become a rare cynosure that the whole community can focus upon. In that way it is descended from a traditional, and vital, building line, having a common historical function with the church of colonial times, with the country store of fron-

tier days, with the town hall or the county courthouse.

Until the arenas began to emerge in the '50s, there was no apparent modern heir to this line of crucial civic structures. Cities with populations in the hundreds of thousands had to satisfy their sporting tastes with minor league baseball teams and the ragged skirmishing of high school rivals. The circus was dusty, and in a sense. The ice show crowded into a rink called Iceland. There wasn't a hall large enough to pay the way of a big-time entertainer.

The arenas have altered all of this. They have saved the circus. They have enabled Liberace or Andy Williams to come right into your town, live, just like Las Vegas. But most of all, they have brought in sport. The new coliseums made the NBA major league, they are the last hope of the ABA, they lifted college basketball out of the economic shadow of football. They have brought a whole new division to the NHL and have made minor league hockey a success in towns that never saw ice, unless it was in glasses.

The arena bungee made most of us early headway in the South, but now it is visible in every section of the country. Fayetteville, N.C. has a new building that seats 7,000, Odessa, Texas has one for 9,300. Monroe, La. (pop. 65,000) recently finished a complex that includes an 8,000-seat arena, a 15,000-square-foot conference hall and a 2,200-seat theater, all with a "Symphonic Colorfall" out front. Bismarck, N.D., which is about half as big as Monroe, has a 7,000-seat arena under construction.

How does an arena fit into a community? A revealing example of an arena, and an arena town, is Greensboro, a pleasant Piedmont municipality of 145,000. It has a progressive leadership to go with the remnants of a Southern rural heritage of Gospel, tobacco and souped-up automobiles. Greensboro has no special tourist attraction, and strong waters cannot be purchased there by the drink. Were a man not disposed to golf, patio barbecuing or drive-in movies, time might be heavy on his hands. But this year more than 800,000 people will, by accurate count, go through the gates at the 9,000-seat Greensboro War Memorial Coliseum. The popularity of the structure can be, and has been, translated into votes. Last year the question of whether to float a municipal bond issue to enlarge the coliseum to 16,500 seats was put on the ballot. The coliseum bond led the whole ticket, outpolling such things as water, sewage bonds and government buildings.

Support was not so easy to come by when the original \$4.5 million structure was suggested in 1946 by an enterprising mayor, W. H. Sullivan Sr. Memories of the Depression remained too vivid, and it was difficult to convince voters anywhere that they should approve great sums to be spent on hedonistic temples for sweat and show biz. The arena was built in Greensboro—and many other cities, too—because the arena bonds were included in an appropriation for an arena and auditorium. The auditorium, which had the combined appeal to worthiness of being a



place for culture and revenue-producing conventions, carried the arena through the polls.

Today the situation is reversed; it is the arena that has the support, with the auditorium coming along for the ride. The arena, unlike either the auditorium or the stadium, is a flexible building that is capable of housing the most diverse entertainment. The average U.S. arena is now in use 230 days a year, a figure that is all the more impressive because many of the buildings are run by politically appointed officials who do not know how to get the full potential out of their structure.

In Greensboro the new appropriation will air-condition the coliseum, at which time it will become a true year-round proposition. But even now, except in the hottest summer months, there is hardly a night that it is dark. To watch it closely for a few days is to capture the arena phenomenon, and something of the country, too.

The circus has just left Greensboro and the ice show is coming in, with Johnny Carson after that, and in between there is some traditional-rival basketball, some tournament basketball, the Globetrotters, professional hockey, Roller Derby, a country and western music show, while over in the auditorium and exhibition hall is a touring *Man of La Mancha*, a local theater group drama and a sportsman's trade show. There was to have been a wrestling bill, but it canceled out, perhaps because the promoter was nervous about all the competition. He should not have been. Almost everything, as they say, "went clean"—sold out.

"I don't know what it is, escapism or what," says Bob Kent, the coliseum general manager and a man who has a national reputation for being the best in the business. "Maybe it is just affluence. I know there is seldom any price resistance. I told the hockey team owners they were crazy not to raise their prices. They have a \$3 top, and you've got junior high kids coming in waving \$5.50 at you for a rock show. We will have *Cabaret* in the auditorium at \$8.50 top. Sports are very modest compared to most entertainment."

Sports teams—usually those that are doing poorly at the gate—like to talk about the competition for the so-called "entertainment dollar." But that is an outdated concept, for in this economic era, when leisure spending money is available to such a broad base of the population, the only real competition appears to be for entertainment time. Events that do poorly in arenas today are not failing because people have run out of entertainment dollars but because they are not sufficiently interested to allot any more of their entertainment time.

"I'll tell you," Bob Kent says, "anybody who figures out a third successful family show to go with the circus and the ice shows can make a fortune. They tried water shows a few years ago, but they didn't quite make it. There are a lot of rumors now that some big companies are working on various concepts for a third big family

show, and I'm not surprised, because there is a demand that needs only to be satisfied."

As Kent talks, a short lady with pink plastic curlers in her hair gets to the ticket window. Like almost everybody, she does not evince much interest in ticket prices, but she cares a lot about where she will sit. She asks for a seating chart, and the ticket seller provides it and the required information. "You mean all them seats are gone?" the lady asks. "And way up there's all that's left?" She pauses. "Shoot." She pauses again, but only briefly. "Gimme two." There is no substitute buying at the arena. This lady was there for Roller Derby tickets. Good seats for *Man of La Mancha* or the Globetrotters would not have interested her.

Indeed, the key to any sustaining arena attraction is a devoted hard-core constituency. Arena patrons do not want to be surprised. For that, they can stay home and switch channels. A country and western singer who played the arena circuit recently with what promoters called a jazzy "colored act" is having trouble getting new bookings. The Greensboro Generals of the Eastern Hockey League attract—as hockey usually does in the U.S.—a middle- and upper-class audience that wants to witness the release of clean, respectable aggression. Thus, the Generals are careful not to lure any roughneck types. Instead, they seek out clean-cut young players who can address high school classes and become part of the community.

The most profitable arena presentations anywhere are the circus and the ice shows, because their constituency is the broadest—children of all ages. The Harlem Globetrotters mine this same vein. By now, in fact, it is no more

continued



than incidental that they happen to be Negro and basketball, for those factors are transcended by something more important: what the Globetrotters really have become is a part of growing up. Like a puff on a clandestine cigarette, a bruised knee, a peek at a girls magazine, the Globetrotters have become something you must encounter at least once as a child—and then again, one more time, as a parent.

So what if it is a school night, and a Monday night at that, when the Globetrotters come into Greensboro? The lines are long, and fear is beginning to crease the faces of some fathers. The kids were promised this; Mother made the suggestion—repeatedly—that tickets be bought in advance. Now, still 15 feet from the window, the announcement is made: sellout. You will, however, be refunded your quarter for parking in the lot. An insufficient consolation.

"We'll stop at the Dairy Queen for whatever you want on the way home," the father offers, trying his best, but even before he can hustle his family outside they hear the first loud roar. The children, two quiet little fellows with bad haircuts, instinctively move closer to Mother, a more dependable sort. "Do you remember where we're parked?" she asks. "What I'll do is come down tomorrow on the way home from work and pick up some ice-show tickets," the father says. There is, unfortunately, another loud roar.

Despite the cheers, the Globetrotters are just beginning to get dressed, for they are only the feature act on a bill that includes a girl who twirls knives to the theme song from *Zorba the Greek*, some Cuban tumblers, a gentleman who balances things on his forehead and a contortionist from Germany who exhibits strong teeth to go with a facile body. Most of it is regular fare on Ed Sullivan, and therefore old hat for every jaded youth of 6 years old, of which there are plenty in the audience.

Everybody has a good time, though, especially when the Globetrotters come on with the most predictable act of the evening. The Globetrotters are 43 years old now, and they change their bits about as regularly as Jack Benny does. A group of Boy Scouts watches in delight as Meadowlark Lemon chases Curly Neal. One of the Scouts, a picture of cosmopolitan smugness, is too smart for this. "Oh," he informs his buddies, "here comes that old water-bucket gag." Meadowlark lets fly, the confetti tumbles out and nobody laughs harder in the whole place than the sophisticated Scout.

The boy had, of course, already seen the whole act on TV. The Globetrotters make periodic television appearances and had been on a special with Soupy Sales only a few weeks before. But the Boy Scouts and everyone else were glad to pay to see for real what had been on TV for free. Surprisingly, almost all successful arena attractions have learned to use television, rather than the other way around. Essentially, what has happened is that television and the arenas have combined in the establishment of a modern

vaudeville circuit that is set up exactly in the reverse of what vaudeville used to be. In the old days you played the sticks, working your way up till you made the Palace in New York. Now you start off with the Palace of today—television—and if you are a hit you head out into the sticks to capitalize on it.

Indeed, except for the rock shows, which are often wild and vulgar and contain a potential for violence, any night at the arena is likely to be homey. The spectators know the performers from TV, and they also know their fellow spectators, because the same people attend the same type of events regularly. Fans get very piqued in Greensboro when they discover they cannot obtain their usual seat near friends.

Thursday is traditionally wrestling night in Greensboro, and on any Thursday when there is no wrestling show, at least a few grunt-and-growl buffs show up out of habit. Sometimes these people head to the window, purchase tickets "for tonight" and are seated inside before they realize that they are watching a basketball game or something, not wrestling. Kent gives them their money back without question. On Thursdays in the summer, when the farmers around Greensboro work the tobacco land long under the late sun, many of them go directly from the field to the coliseum, with no time to change from their work clothes. If they can manage it, though, they bring other clothes and get out of their coveralls in a men's room. Each arena crowd favors its own dress style, but they all try to dress up.

Though every social stratum of Greensboro uses the arena, the full face of Greensboro is never there on the same evening. The time to see the people is during the day at the ticket windows, when the fans are just buying and not consecutively on view. By night, the lady in curlers, the gentleman in work clothes, the teen-ager in a frayed sweat shirt, return, stylish in their fashion, each dressed exactly like hundreds of others that evening. The only way to relocate an afternoon ticket buyer at the game would be to band him, like a maulard, or bell him, like a cat.

The similarity of dress for each event becomes as standard as the color of the tickets. But one recent night there was a marked contrast to be observed. A country and western show starring Porter Wagoner ("When a man gets woman hungry, he can find a meal somewhere") was in the arena, while down the hall in the auditorium the local Little Theatre group was presenting Paddy Chayevsky's *The Teeth Man*, a drama about New York Jews. The outer lobby area was the only common ground, and the spectators eyed each other curiously in passing. The theatergoers, a distinct minority, stood out in their double-breasted blazers and imitation Gucci shoes. One couple walked by in evening dress. Two sunburned country aficionados, dressed fit to kill in the prevailing country mode—loose dark suits and dress light-blue socks—stared at the couple. "Monkey suit," one smirked to the other, and

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YOUR TIME *continued*

then they were through the turnstiles to the inner lobby.

This lobby area is an important one, one of four battlegrounds in the arena. The most obvious, of course, is the hall itself. The offices constitute a second front, and in the bowels of the place George Staley and his men move with ice-making machines and saw motors and a platoon of other devices.

The peak attraction for lobby action is the annual Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association basketball tournament, which this year came to Greensboro just before the ice show. Except for a predictable cordon of pro basketball scouts, the CIAA crowd is all black, but that is incidental to the point. The tournament has eight teams, which means that at any one time no more than 25% of the teams, and hence, 25% of the fans, are directly involved in the action. The rest fill the lobby, making and renewing acquaintances and planning for the parties that follow.

Hockey crowds seem next best at thronging the lobby. Hockey has what amounts to two halftimes, and thus a double emphasis is placed on socializing. The hockey crowd is the easiest to spot, too, since everybody seems to have come directly from the 19th hole. This is quite possible, when the Generals were brought to Greensboro, much of the stock was sold at the country clubs. Everybody is in monogrammed sweaters. Monogrammed cardigan sweaters. Monogrammed V-neck sweaters. Monogrammed crew-neck sweaters. There is bantering with the girls walking by, and mental dressing of them in monogrammed sleeveless sweaters. Suddenly a Kelly-green cardigan whispers to a wine-colored V neck and then heads to the guard by the turnstile. "I have to go out to my car," he says. "I left my headlights on."

"Are you sure?" the guard says. Spectators have been known to employ such ruses in an effort to retrieve spirits from the car.

"I'm pretty sure," he says, a lot less sure.

"All right," says the guard. "but I'm going with you, and those headlights better be on or you're not coming back."

continued

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Flop #1: The Wam-O-Scope—a new kind of radar set that was supposed to be 10 times more sensitive than ordinary radar. (This was because we put lots of little electronic parts right inside the radar tube, where nobody ever put them before.) Theoretically, it worked fine. Practically, it didn't work at all. Which brings us to

Flop #2: The Stacked Tube. After years of work, we perfected the world's best radio tube—long lived, practically indestructible. Unfortunately, we built it the same year the transistor was invented, making our tube instantly obsolete. Then there was

Flop #3: The Omegatron—a clever device designed to tell vacuum tube manufacturers precisely how much excess gas

they had in their tubes (which, you remember from Physics 1, are supposed to be completely empty). This, however, was more than they wanted to know. They wanted to get rid of the gas, not measure it. So finally, we come to



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Shaken, Kelly green takes a few steps and then stops. "You know," he says, "there's no sense us going out there. If those headlights haven't run down the battery in two periods, another period isn't liable to make much difference."

"I don't suppose so," the guard says, letting Kelly green back in.

However well dressed they may be, sports fans are not often equipped for special contingencies. There are so many kids at Globetrotters games that it often takes a half hour or so after a game for the players to sign their way through autograph seekers. Most of the action attendant to this scene, however, does not concern getting an autograph but getting a pencil or pen. Even more confusion is created by proper owners trying to get their pens back. Sports fans, even at an early age, rather expect athletes to supply their own writing instruments, as well as their signatures.

The fans who patronize the performing arts are, on the other hand, better prepared. The leaders in this field are the country and western buffs, who come to the arena loaded down with binoculars, food reserves and flashbulb cameras. It is traditional in country-music circles that you will be permitted to leave your seat, wherever it is located, and make a hegira up to the rope in front of the stage, where you can take a picture of the performer. When each new act arrives onstage, there is a stirring all over the arena as spectators rise and siphon down the aisles to the stage. Maybe it is all this walking to and from the stage that accounts for what seems to be less congregating out in the concession lobbies.

At intermission, though, there is a lobby crowd gathered about a card table set up for one of the country-music entertainers, Stonewall Jackson. He has suggested, at the close of his act, that fans might visit him there and purchase autographed record albums "to help stamp out poverty." But most of those gathered about him appear less interested in commerce than in closely inspecting Stonewall and his spangled outfit. One buyer does express some anxiety that Stonewall is not going to sing *Waterloo*. Stonewall explains he saves that for last.

Mostly, though, there is kibitzing on the fringes, like the two elderly gentlemen who are standing back smoking True cigarettes (made in Greensboro). "He looks better to me than on TV," one whispers to the other.

"Well, you know," his friend says, "we never seen him in color."

"No, it's not that," an interloper offers, "it's the TV makes you more heavy-set, black and white and color both. The TV always makes you heavyset." All heads nod in assent.

Such a TV-oriented assessment is not an isolated occurrence. At the arena, it matters not whether it is Liberace or Meadowlark Lemon, Peggy Fleming or Charlie Scott, Stonewall Jackson or Fabulous Moolah, every audience has one preoccupation. That is to speculate on how the star looks in person compared to how he looks on television. The team comes out on the floor or the performer moves up to the microphone, and there is applause. As it subsides, there is left only murmur noises, for everybody in the place is turning to his neighbor and observing the differences between what they see and what they saw on television. Perhaps the real mark of the arena and the guarantee of its continued success is that it is the one place where you can find America when it isn't in front of its TV.

The coliseum had just been cleared out for another night and now Bob Kent is reflecting on the arena business. Kent, who is president of the International Association of Auditorium and Arena Managers, turned a \$93,000 profit on his coliseum last year, but he has no illusions. "If you could consistently make enough money with these buildings to retire the original debt," he says, "municipal governments wouldn't have to build them. Private capital would gladly assume the burden. Use and service, not profit, are the yardsticks of success for the arena."

Ken Campbell, the promoter of the night's event — Roller Derby — had just settled up. Campbell is a rugged, enthusiastic man who has made a living guessing what people would pay to see. He ran stock-car races before they were

fashionable, demolition derbies, now the Roller Derby. Tonight he has something on his mind. "Bob," Campbell says, "are you taking Gospel shows?" Kent backs off a little; he says he is not convinced yet that there is a sufficient constituency for them. "I really think it might be the next thing to go," Campbell says.

They chatted some more, and then it was time to leave. Campbell was taking his Derby to the Charlotte Coliseum the next day, and then right on to the Minges Coliseum in Greenville the afternoon after that. Kent had the Porter Wagoner Show in the next night. He turned out the lights behind him and moved into the lobby. It was pitch-dark, with only

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the moon to light the way. As he moved toward the door, Kent saw, over in a corner, three towheaded kids, two brothers and an older sister of 9 or 10.

"Hey, what are you all doing here?" Kent said.

"We're still waiting for Daddy to pick us up," the girl explained.

"It's been over an hour since everything ended," Kent said. "Don't you think we ought to call him up?" The girl said they were out of money, so Kent led them back into his office.

"I bet you anything," one of the boys said all of a sudden, "that Daddy done fell asleep again in front of the TV." Kent began to dial, and outside the moonlight glanced off the posters of the coming attractions. It would be just a few hours before the ticket lines would be forming up again.

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Guide Division



Ford wins Virginia 500!

Torino Talladegas finish 1-2

The 1969 winning streak rolls on. The Ford victory at Martinsville makes it six big wins for Torino over all the other specially modified stock cars.

DATE	EVENT	DRIVER
February 1	Riverside 500	Richard Petty
February 16	ARCA 300	Benny Parsons
February 23	Daytona 500	Lee Roy Yarborough
March 9	Carolina 500	David Pearson
April 13	Richmond 250	David Pearson
April 27	Virginia 500	Richard Petty

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6,000 rpm tachometer. Join Ford's winning streak yourself; check out one of these great new Torino GT's. You'll find them in your Ford Dealer's Performance Corner.

TORINO



In the great days of America's Cup racing, nobody followed the goings-on off Sandy Hook and, later, Newport with more interest—or more amusement—than the fishermen of Nova Scotia and New England. When one of the races in the 1920 Cup series was called off because the race committee thought a 23-knot breeze was too dangerous for the two contenders, hoists of derision rose in both Lunenburg, Nova Scotia and Gloucester, Mass. The competitive men who sailed the big fishing schooners out of both ports began demanding a series of races between "honest-to-God" vessels that could stand a howl: the publisher of the *Halifax Herald* took up their demand; and the result was a hard-fought series unequalled in the history of sport: the periodic races between working fishing craft for the International Fishermen's Trophy.

A Gloucesterman, the schooner *Esperanza* skippered by Marty Welch, took the first series in 1920, and the masters and shipwrights in Lunenburg and other Nova Scotian coastal towns immediately started talking of building a new and faster vessel to bring the trophy home. While they were talking, a group of Halifax businessmen commissioned a young naval architect named William J. Roue to start work on a schooner that would be both big and burdensome enough to succeed in the salt-fishing trade and fast enough to beat any like her from Gloucester. Roue produced the schooner *Bluenose*, a vessel that was to make both him and her skipper, Angus Walters, famous all over the world.

After *Bluenose's* entry, Gloucester never again won the trophy. She defeated the Gloucester schooner *Elvir* in 1921 in a series off Halifax; she defeated the Gloucesterman *Hew's Ford* off Massachusetts in 1922; the Gloucester schooner *Columba* off Halifax in 1923; the schooner *Gerrard L. Theobald* off Halifax in 1931 and the same vessel in another series off Gloucester in 1938.

Captain Walters, who skippered her in all the races, became undoubtedly the best-known fisherman in the world. I met him for the first time in 1956, 18 years after the last race and 36 years after the first one. He talked as if the races had been held the day before yesterday. Every detail was printed in his mind. He did not recount the record, he relived it—his outrage at some damn fool on the race committee undermin-

A Hardnosed Bluenoser

A book about working sailors, 'They Live by the Wind,' soon to be published by Knopf, contains an account of a notable chapter in sport. Herewith an excerpt

by WENDELL P. BRADLEY

shed, his admiration for some feat of his old vessel plain on his face and in his voice. He was a small, quick-tempered bantam rooster of a man, completely single-minded, and so enamored of the schooner he shared his prime with that, although he was not by nature eloquent or apt with a phrase, he defined the relationship of man to sailing vessel better than I had ever heard or read. Gradually as he talked, it dawned on me that the story of the *Bluenose* was really the story, being told to me by a fiery old man, of a long love.

Yacht racing is an intellectual sport. A large literature covering such subjects as helmsmanship, the aerodynamics of sails, racing tactics, proper trimming of boats under various wind conditions has grown up over the past 50 years. Walters, of course, never read a book on racing theory. While the experts and yachtsmen were developing their formulas and refinements in the summer sun of elegant sailing centers, he was out on the fishing banks, usually wet, cold and tired. He nevertheless evolved some of the same formulas and refinements that the yachtsmen and their theorists were working out in the laboratory conditions of weekend races.

Angus Walters was born in Lunenburg in 1881, went to sea when he was 13, became a doryman at 16 and a captain in his early 20s.

"Before I was ever master," he told me, "I used to stay onto the wheel when I didn't have to, to see if I could beat another boat. Lots of fellers used to be

crazy for their hour track at the wheel to get done with. To tell you the truth, I liked to steer."

Walters learned early in his career that an important element in a vessel's speed is in the trim, how the cargo is placed in the hold. The difference of six inches or a foot in fore and aft trim could markedly affect a schooner's sailing qualities. The schooners stayed out on the banks two or three months sometimes, gradually filling their holds with codfish. It was a precise matter to load them evenly, and many fishing masters never acquired the know-how or took the care to do the job right. Their schooners would come back to Lunenburg down by the bow or down by the stern, which made them, Walters said, slow in ordinary weather and hard to manage in a gale. "Saddled by one end, I called it," he said.

Shifting a crew forward and aft to improve trim is something Olympic sailors became expert at. In a small racing boat weighing, say, 500 pounds, the position of a 200-pound crew member is crucial. That Walters would take the same precaution in the 285-ton *Bluenose* helps explain his record.

At the wheel, when Walters was steering, the *Bluenose* was sending constant messages to him about her performance, perhaps by the shudder, the vibration in the rudder, perhaps by the amount of pressure needed on the helm to keep her on course, perhaps by the little quiver in her mainsail near the mast, or the curve of her jib, or the sounds she made or the way her bow lifted to a swell—signals that a stranger on the *Bluenose* would neither see nor hear nor feel. But for all the mystical affinity he had with his vessel, Captain Angus Walters was a shrewdly practical man—as the businessmen of Halifax, who built *Bluenose*, soon found out.

"When the idea of building a new schooner for the fishermen's races first came up," he told me, "these fellers from Halifax asked me if I'd take charge of her. I said no, right off. I said, 'Why don't you give her to Tommy Himmelman?' You see, I had a vessel of my own then, only 3 years old. I didn't want to get rid of her. Supposin' the *Bluenose* had turned out to be no good for racing? The fellers from Halifax would lose interest fast enough, and I'd be without a vessel. But then my brother says to me, 'Why don't you do this?' I'll

continued

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Bluenoser *continues*

take the *Gilbert* and you take this new one."

"So after a while I said, 'All right, I'll take the new vessel on this condition.' The Halifax men said that was fine, we'll finance the vessel and give you what shares you want. I said oh no, I'll give *just* what shares I want. I'll give you a third—that way I'd have control of things. We'll capitalize her at \$35,000, I said. You sell \$15,000, and I'll sell \$20,000."

Like most of his fellow skippers, Angus Walters had little respect for men who stayed ashore and tried to dictate terms to those who sailed the sea. His contempt for race committees was monumental and seldom concealed. At the start of the first race between the *Bluenose* and the *Hearts Ford* in '22, the wind off Gloucester was light and a postponement signal was hoisted aloft on the committee boat. But the two vessels and their captains were on the starting line and eager to go. "What about it, Clay?" Walters called to his counterpart, Clayton Morrissey, on the *Ford*.

"All right by me," Morrissey shouted back—and the race was on.

The frantic committee fired a warning shot to draw attention to the postponement signal. Walters and Morrissey ignored it. The committee sent an escort destroyer after the fishermen to bring them back. Walters and Morrissey ignored the destroyer. They saw no reason to bother with a race committee. The merits of the two vessels had been discussed by fishermen ashore and afloat ever since the *Ford's* launching half a year before. The *Ford* had been built to beat the *Bluenose*. Here she was alongside the *Bluenose*. Why not see if she could? The *Ford* did beat the *Bluenose* across the finish line that day, but in such light air that the six-hour time limit had run out, and afterward *Bluenose* won the three-race series 2-1.

Fancy racing rules meant little more to Angus Walters than the men who made them. A year after the *Ford* episode he was racing Captain Ben Pine and the Gloucester schooner *Columbia* in a 25-knot blow and beat them home by two minutes 45 seconds. Trouble was he had passed a navigation buoy—which was not a mark of the course—on the wrong side. Walters sailed into Halifax harbor thinking all that remained to do was collect the prize money and trophy and sail back to Lunenburg. He was in-

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formed while attending a hotel banquet with Captain Pine and American and Canadian dignitaries that the Halifax Race Committee had disqualified him and awarded the day's race to Pine. The committee's grounds were that Walters had passed a navigation buoy on the wrong side.

Walters was still mad 33 years later. "After the race they officially announced the *Bluenose* won," he told me. "That night they had the banquet to give us the trophy. We were scarcely through with the eels when a feller come to the door and announced the two skippers are wanted in rooms so-and-so."

"The chairman of the International Committee said set still. The feller come in again. I said I think we ought to go and see what this is all about."

"Pine didn't put the protest in. Some smart-aleck Gloucesterman on the committee did. Pine could have stopped it. If one of our fellers had protested something like that, I'd a stopped them. Ben, he's dead now, but he didn't use his head well that time."

"The committee can't change the rules after the start of the races without the masters being there. They had no right or power to make a change. They sent a letter about the buoys, which I saw in my cabin, but I didn't pay it any attention. After the race I learned about the rule change. I would have ignored it even if I'd known about it. If I'd accepted that one thing, they might have made twelve more changes before the next race."

"They called Ben and me into the room and told me I'd done wrong. I said, 'Wait, gentlemen. Don't try to tell me what to do, I've forgotten more about sailing than you fellers will ever know.' I said, 'I didn't come up here to sail around every little buoy in Halifax harbor.' This feller from Gloucester—a master. I knew him—started to say, 'Black buoys to port and red to starboard.' I stopped him. I said, 'I didn't come up here to take the board exam either.'"

"I said, 'Ben, did I gain or you lose anything by my passing that buoy on the side I did? I looked right at Ben and he said, 'Oh, I don't know about that.' I said, 'O.K., thank you very much.' I didn't say what I should have said. I should have said, 'Well, if you don't know that, you don't know much.'"

"They claimed they were giving the race to *Columbia*. I simply told them to

go to hell. I said, 'We'll throw this race overboard. I'll be sport enough for that. If not, O.K. then, award it to the boat that finished first.'"

"There's where Ben should have said, 'That's pretty square.' He didn't say a word."

"I told them to go straight to hell and we left."

"Pine—I never met a better man, personally, but he let the committee rule him too much. They got hold of him and he consented to it. That was his trouble."

Despite their violent professional differences, Pine and Walters remained good friends throughout their long rivalry. Fisherman racing languished during the Depression years, but in 1938 Gloucester challenged Lunenburg once again and Ben Pine sailed out in the *Gerrard L. Thebaud* to face Angus and the *Bluenose* for the last time.

The two met off Boston for the beginning of the most closely contested series of races they had ever engaged in.

They sailed the first one in a fresh breeze. Pine went across the line first. Walters soon went by him and at the six-mile mark was almost two minutes ahead. Then Pine went by Walters and led by almost two minutes at the 12-mile mark. Walters cut down Pine's lead and passed him, but stayed ahead only a short time. Pine reached the 18-mile mark three minutes ahead of Walters and stayed ahead the rest of the way around the 40-mile course. Walters gained on him at times, then fell back. Near the finish he lost his foretopmast, and Pine beat him by two minutes 56 seconds.

Walters led across the line in the second race. He made such good time on the windward leg that Gloucestermen on the committee boat who timed him thought that the leg must have been shortened accidentally.

Bluenose took the third race. In the fourth she was ahead when her foretopmast stay parted and she was forced to come into the wind to douse her outer jib. While she was headed into the wind, the *Thebaud* surged by, finishing the race five minutes ahead.

The *Bluenose* won the fifth and deciding race by two minutes 50 seconds. Andrew Merkel described it. "As the great Lunenburg neared the finish line, in what proved to be her last race for international honors, her topsail halyard

block gave way. But she was too near to victory to be deterred and the *Thebaud* was too far astern to close the gap. The *Bluenose* slid across the line amid the cheers of her jubilant crew and blasts from boats at anchor nearby. Tired and old she may have been, but she had kept untarnished her proud record of having never lost an international series for the trophy put up by Canada."

He added that she had unquestionably proved her superiority, on all points of sailing and in all manner of weather conditions, with every schooner that had sought to dispute her claim to the championship of the fishing fleet.

That was a Canadian view. The Boston papers talked otherwise, and even in 1956 Angus Walters was still angry about it. "All they talked about was *Bluenose* being a fine weather boat," he roared. "They should have been ashamed to say that, if I may say so. We proved dozens and dozens of times what a 'fine weather' boat she was."

"I told 'em, 'Oh, then, we'll have a race around Bermuda to see who's a fine weather boat.' I told Pine, 'Let's go around Bermuda—either start off Gloucester or Halifax, and finish at the other port.'"

Walters' challenge, which a Canadian businessman backed with a \$15,000 cash prize, was never taken up. It would have been a fine finale for the fishermen's races, using an island far at sea for a buoy and a city for a finish line, but it was not to be. In any case, the *Bluenose* was done for, obsolete, her reason for being gone. Even in the 1938 series she and the *Thebaud* were ghosts, playing roles in a pageant that had ceased to exist. By that time there was not a schooner left in Gloucester that had not been converted to power, and in Lunenburg the last of them were having engines installed. Walters himself had decided to put auxiliary engines in the *Bluenose* two years before. Cement was poured into her afterhold to make engine beds, fuel tanks were installed, and the sprightly, lively *Bluenose* was gone. You or I couldn't tell it. But Angus Walters, who had felt her response to his touch on the helm before she was weighted down with engines, knew it.

"We raced that time and we won, but we shouldn't have," he said. "*Bluenose* wasn't half the boat she had been. We put all that damn iron and cement in there and it killed her."

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by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

For the first time since the Mephistophelian Mr. Appleton of *Boon* Yankees oiled his way across a Broadway stage, the Senators are winning. But this time Washington (6-1) is doing it with honest hitting, pitching and expert managing by Ted Williams. Said Dick Bosman, a reliever who pitched a one-hitter last week when Williams gave him a chance to start: "I've never felt this way about baseball before, not until Williams came along and instilled this competitive spirit in us. We really do believe we can beat anyone." Off to their best start in 17 years, the Senators were beating just about everybody. And Williams' con job has worked on some of the team's weakest players from last season. Shortstop Ed Brinkman, who hit under .200 three of the past four years, averaged .363 last week, raising his season's mark to .267. Relievers Bosman, Casey Cox, Dennis Huggins, Bob Humphreys and Dave Baldwin, who combined for a 10-14 record in 1968, came in from the bullpen last week to allow just two earned runs in 16½ innings. The Senators' drive left them behind only one team, Baltimore (6-1). The Orioles' pitching, led by Dave McNally, who won twice to run his season's record to 5-0, has been so strong that fans in other cities are already better. After lefthander Mike Cuellar, who threw a four-hitter, signed an autograph for a Yankees rooster, the fan said, "Thanks for the autograph and have a good year, you lousy team." Boston (4-3) fans have not been discouraged by their team's slump to third place or the controversial trade of Ken Harrelson. The biggest crowd since 1956 showed up at Fenway Park to watch one game, and Sonny Seibert, who came to the Red Sox in the Harrelson deal, received a standing ovation

for a five-hit, 8½-inning performance. But the biggest cheers were reserved for Carl Yastrzemski, who broke out of a slump with two 400-foot homers and a booming double in that game. Detroit (2-5), with only Denney McLain pitching well, fell seven games out of first place even though Manager Mayo Smith used his 30-game winner in relief to try to halt the skid. Cleveland (2-3) won its second and third games of the year by beating the Yankees twice. One Indians win came on a three-hit, 12-strikeout effort by Sam McDowell. With the hitters slumping—171 average with 12 runs scored—New York won only when Fritz Peterson shut out the Red Sox 1-0 on three hits. Minnesota (6-0) ran its winning streak to eight straight and its Western Division lead to 2½ games by outscoring its opposition 29-8. The Batters averaged .299 to increase their season leading mark to .294, while righthander Jim Perry picked up two victories, including a shutout. Oakland's (4-2) Danny Cater, who was a surprise second-place finisher in the batting race last season, looks like a strong challenger again this year. He ran his consecutive game hitting streak to 14 with two game-winning singles and now averages .360. Followers of Kansas City (5-1), talking enthusiastically about their expansion team's chances for the division championship, point to one accomplishment that makes them sound like winners. With 3-2, 3-2 and 5-4 victories last week, they increased their record in one-run games to eight of nine. The Royals have also won seven home games in their last turn at bat. California (2-5) Manager Bill Rigney shifted regular catcher Tom Seaver to first base to get rookie Tom Egan into the lineup. The brainstorm paid off in the first game as Egan slammed a homer and Seaver went 2-for-3 and drove in the winning

run of a 10-inning, 3-2 victory over the Royals. Marty Pattin's two wins, one a two-hit, 1-0 victory, gave Seattle (2-5) its only wins. Chicago's (0-4) Al Lopez, who has been a manager in the majors for all but two years since 1951, retired because of a recurring stomach ailment. His replacement is Don Gutterside, a six-time minor league manager who has been a member of Lopez's corps of coaches for years.

Standings—East: Bal 20-8 Wsh 11 Bost 10
Det 12 NY 12 Cin 3-18 Mil 10
Oak 14 KC 12-11 Cle 8-11 Cal 13 Sea 8-15

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Hearing that the World Champion Tigers would play an exhibition game with the Phillies soon after Chicago (4-1) finished a series at Connie Mack Stadium, the Cubs wrote on the clubhouse blackboard, "See you in the World Series. If you can make it." The players were not the only Chicagoans with a touch of premature Series fever. Hundreds of their fans welcomed the team, leader in the Eastern Division since Opening Day, back from a road trip in the early hours of the morning. The Cubs' front office has received up to 600 phone calls an hour and 2,000 letters a day, many of them requesting Series tickets. Their pitching staff, supposedly the weak spot, has been mainly responsible for the excitement. While the usually strong hitters slumped to fifth in the league, the pitchers—led by Starter Fergie Jenkins, who won his fourth game last week, and Reliever Phil Regan, who took his fifth—held the top spot in ERA (2.58), complete games (9) and shutouts (5). Pittsburgh (3-4) stayed close behind the Cubs on strong, complete-game victories by Jim Bunning and Dock Ellis. Bunning, whose five-hitter was his first nine-inning game since

HIGHLIGHT

All of the Astros particularly Pitcher Don Wilson were hitting when they arrived in Cincinnati for a two-game series last week. Houston had lost 14 of its last 15 games and the Reds had socked the Astros for two of their worst defeats. In one of them, a 14-0 thrashing of Wilson. Cincinnati players had called the Astros busters, stuck their tongues out at them and claimed Wilson, pulled unnecessarily during play to rub up an embarrassing score. Worse yet was the series opener on Wednesday. Sinking out 12, Reds ace Jim Maloney stalked the Astros' frustration by no-hitting them 10-0. It was his second no-hitter but all Houston Manager Harry Walker could attribute to the righthander was a beautiful, flannel greenhouse. A Kentucky farmstead was less flattering about the Astros. Jim Wayne and

Curly Blafary crossed the Ohio to see her and, according to Blafary, were short-shrifted because of their team's abysmal record. That, apparently, was all Wilson needed. The erratic 26-year-old finisher matched Maloney by pitching his second no-hit game and defeated the Reds 4-0. Only once before had no-hitters been pitched on successive days (the Giants against the Cardinals last year), but when his teammates ran to the mound to congratulate Wilson, they had to restrain him from charging the Cincinnati bench. Ringing in his ears were the solemn cacophony the greatest of them was "greatest"—of Reds Manager Dave Bristol. "I've never seen a guy more psyched up or madder than Wilson," said Walker. Which should be a lesson for Bristol. Wilson's record was under 300 and his ERA 23th in the National League. But he could bite when he bid a friend to



WILSON: FAST AND FURIOUS

last June, has given the Pirates a much tougher look with three straight strong starting performances. Philadelphia's (4-2) oft delinquent slugger Richie Allen was on his own again. He failed to show up for two games at St. Louis (3-4), was fined \$1,000 and said, "I told them to trade me last winter. They had their chance and I don't feel sorry for them." The Cards, now in serious trouble after losing 11 home games, were not feeling sorry for them either after the Phil's Jerry Johnson and Rick Wise beat them. The losses, which dropped the Cardinals 7 games out of first, prophesied a debacle. New York's (4-3) young pitching staffs were not merely disappointing, they were disappointing. Three of the best, Jerry Koosman, Jim McAndrew and Nolan Ryan, were all injured. Montreal (2-4) was a new team with something old to cheer for. The Expos signed 41-year-old Elroy Face last week and the reliever promptly picked up his team's only win with 4½ innings of one-hit pitching. Strong relieving also stirred up the biggest excitement in Atlanta (6-1) since the Braves moved there from Milwaukee: Bullpen ace Jim Britton and Cecil Upshaw threw six scoreless innings and picked up two wins that moved their team back into first place in the Western Division. Los Angeles (3-4) watched from the Big D to a new D. With longtime ace Don Drysdale considering retirement because of a wage arm, Don Sutton, a 24-year-old right-handed breaking-ball specialist, was taking over Drysdale's act. He pitched a one-hit shut-out last week to run his scoreless innings streak to 25. San Francisco (3-4) moved briefly into sole possession of first place on Juan Marichal's two-hitter and some clutch hitting by young outfielder Bobby Bonds. Bonds cracked a pair of homers, scored five runs and hit a game-winning, 13th-inning single in two one-run victories. But then the Giants went into a three-game losing streak, batted just .167 and fell from grace. San Diego (1-5), which had averaged just .211 before out with 13 hits in two games against the Reds, won both and moved into fourth place. The big hitters were Al Ferrara and Ollie Brown, both with grand slam homers. Ferrara's came as a pinch hit and moved his team into the lead from a three-run deficit. Brown's slam keyed a nine-run first inning of a 13-5 Padres victory. Houston's (4-3) Don Wilson's no-hitter (left) earned a four-game Astros win streak. Jim Wynn won one game with two home runs and rookie Catcher Don Blanton put his team ahead on another with his first big league homer. Cincinnati (1-5) was beating itself. The Reds committed 11 errors and allowed 16 unearned runs. But the pitchers had little room to complain about poor support in the field. They threw eight wild pitches and hit four opposing batters.

Standings—East: St. 18-9, Phil. 15-10, Pitt. 11-18, NY 11-14, BAL 10-15, Wash. 9-25, West: Atl. 17-8, LA 15-10, SF 15-10, Cin. 11-14, SD 12-15, Phil. 8-20

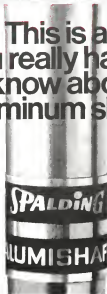
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OIL AND WATER

Sirs:

Someone once said that we read about man's successes on the sports page. SI, however, has shown sport's success is becoming relevant to the pressing problem of conservation. I thank you for taking time out to contribute a valuable public service in publishing Ross Macdonald's *Life with the Blob* (April 21).

VINCENT W. MOSELEY JR.

Goleta, Calif.

Sirs:

As only one of thousands of Southern Californians, I would like to thank *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Ross Macdonald for an honest report of events surrounding the recent Santa Barbara tragedy.

The fact that such a disaster did occur when it could so easily have been avoided is frustrating. And when people like Union Oil President Fred L. Hartley respond with such lack of understanding I can only record disgust!

As a student I have never been a part of any active protest. But, having been witness to the work of the oil interests, I must end my passivity. I would like to know that in the future I will be able to enjoy the natural beauty of this earth without fear that the Mr. Hartleys will run it first.

A. ALAN BUTTON

Los Angeles

Sirs:

The people of Santa Barbara have indeed suffered a terrible disaster but they have reacted chastely in condemning the oil industry. This nation depends heavily on a natural resource that is fast being depleted. The people of Santa Barbara cannot isolate themselves from the rest of the country or turn their backs on the fact that they happen to live in an area that contains a product needed by an entire nation.

Let's get off the soapbox and back to sports.

LARRY A. DORSEY

Farmington, N. Mex.

Sirs:

It was an exceptionally informative article on the unfortunate Santa Barbara Channel disaster. To Southern Californians may I suggest: Join the Blob Club. People living along the Louisiana coastal area are charter members. We have been exposed to such happenings for more than 10 years.

Federal and state officials tell us that we are not being affected by pollution from thousands of offshore oil wells in the Gulf of Mexico. Oil companies swear that they are maintaining clean operations. But, main-

while, our wild and marine life is suffering.

Preserving wilderness and producing oil are not contradictory, says Frank N. Ikard, president of American Petroleum Institute (19th Hole, April 21). Ikard speaks like a true oilman. The stronger element will survive. And it will not be wildlife because it cannot defend itself against industrial pollution, the law of economics and the aggressive pressure of oil lobbyists in Federal and state governments.

WALDO J. ORRISON

Metairie, La.

Sirs:

Let us hope that Frank N. Ikard and his constituents, Fred Hartley *et al.*, do a better job of meeting the challenge in Alaska put forth by Robert Cantwell (*The Ultimate Confrontation*, March 24) than they did in the Santa Barbara Channel.

ROBERT S. BROWN JR.

Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sirs:

No one can accuse *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* of failing to gauge the concerns and tempo of our taste. But in recent years your writers and editors have outdone themselves in demonstrating an ecological awareness of some of the world's most pressing problems.

As a University of Wisconsin professor remarked recently, "The SI piece on the Brooks Range is of Pulitzer quality." Even more important than journalistic prowess, that story and others in SI, ranging from the dilemmas of persistent pesticides and nuclear power plants in our society to the positive example of seashore enhancement, are enlightening to your broad audience.

Thanks to SI, our real grass-roots problems are being detailed in vivid, free-flowing prose. Your staff is proving that stories linking the sciences and today's environmental issues can be both accurate and interesting. Too often in the past, scientists and conservationists had only themselves to talk to in learned journals with limited circulations. SI is making the state of the environment everyone's concern.

JAMES ALAN SCHWARTZ

Department of Natural Resources

State of Wisconsin

Madison, Wis.

ENGELHARD

Sirs:

My congratulations to Pat Ryan for one of the most interesting and delightfully written articles of its kind I have read in SI or any other publication, regarding Charles Engelhard (*The Walking Conglomerate*, April 28), his attractive and efficient wife and his far-flung economic and sports in-

terests. The author's facile pen so deftly follows the Engelhardts as they make the rounds of their homes and their activities on three continents—with light and intimate touches included—that the reader's interest is never allowed to waver.

G. M. W. KOEHL

New York City

Sirs:

Charles Engelhard is described as having inherited a modest \$20-million family fortune. I call that positively bashful.

M. LEONARD BAUER

Asheville, N. C.

BUTTONHOLED AT THIRD

Sirs:

In your April 28 issue you presented a series of color photos picturing up-and-coming third basemen (*A Jaw-up of Talent at Third*). One who was especially well captured by your photographer was Bobby Murcer, the Yankees' newest star. I was happy to read that he now uses Mickey Mantle's locker and wears Bobby Richardson's No. 1. I found it interesting to note, however, that the most important sign of a Yankee star, the unbuttoned button, was shown buttoned in the photo published. I can't help but wonder why Bobby considers himself a star only part of the time. The article by William Leggett stated that Murcer knows enough to keep the top button of his uniform blouse unbuttoned. I would be interested in what I'm sure is an obvious answer.

KURT LOEJENHISER

Amherst, Ohio

● An off-field error.—ED.

Sirs:

One more name should have been added to this list. Twenty-one-year-old Aurelio Rodriguez of the California Angels is a fine hitting (.354 as of April 25) and fielding third sacker with all the tools to become a true star.

R. M. THOMAS

Pico Rivera, Calif.

EXPANSION

Sirs:

This expansion team hit is O.K. if you've got enough players, but Montreal was in town the other day and guess who their No. 1 relief pitcher is—Carmen Lombardo!

JOHN J. LYONS

Chicago

WONDEROUS NAME

Sirs:

Re Wondrous Willie Mays (*Leading Man Wondrous Willie*, April 21): When

continued

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"We've taken two marlin here at Pompano...looks good." 1.6-3.5 MHz band

"Next tone begins at 14 hours, 6 minutes, Greenwich Mean Time." 34 meter band

"Hurricane winds of Force 12 expected from 20 hundred hours." 3.5-9 MHz band

"Bulletin: the Coast Guard has sighted survivors." Standard Broadcast band

"And now WEFM presents West Side Story." FM Broadcast band

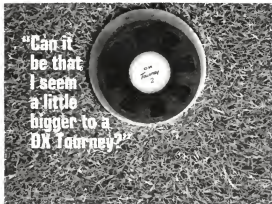
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85TH HOLE *continued*

was your last feature on Hank Aaron? People get to talking about Mays so much these days, they forget about Aaron!

Let's compare the two. Home-run championships: four each. Bating crowns: Aaron 2, Mays 1. RBI championships: Aaron 4, Mays 0. Before the beginning of this season Mays had 587 lifetime home runs and Aaron 510, nearly 80 behind but he is closing the gap fast. Lifetime base hits: Aaron 2,792, Mays 2,812. Lifetime RBIs: Mays 1,654, Aaron 1,627. Aaron this season was batting .380 at last count, and his .314 lifetime batting average speaks for itself. Mays is hitting .366 but will probably slip below .300 as Mickey Mantle did. Mays did steal his 300th base the other day, but Aaron can steal bases too, 28 of them just last year. Mays is one of the alltime greats and will probably retire in a year or two. Aaron is still hitting as he was 10 years ago when he hit .355 and will surpass Mays in nearly every department.

Atlanta's young improved pitching staff and Aaron will be in the World Series this year, then you will have to have an article on Hank Aaron and the Braves.

MEL PATTERSON

Edmonds, Wash.

LAUGH ON, NBA Sirs

Thank you for your fine article on the Indiana Pacers (*Solid Hit in the Funny League*, April 28). The Pacers, as you mentioned, led the league in attendance with an average of more than 6,000 a game. With stars such as Mel Daniels, ABA Most Valuable Player, Roger Brown, Bob Netelchky, Freddie Lewis, and defensive giant Tom Thacker, the Pacers indeed have a surplus of talent. But so does the rest of the ABA. Superstars in their own right are the incomparable Connie Hawkins, Doug Moe, James Jones and Louis Dampier.

Let the NBA laugh on, but basketball experts, such as Bill Sharman, coach of the ABA's Los Angeles Stars, say that players like Hawkins and Brown could easily become well-known household and TV names. The ABA is not short on stars but on publicity and exposure. In other words it has been ignored.

With the determination of the owners, coaches and players of the ABA, they will overcome all of the obstacles facing them.

TIM COFFEE

Indianapolis

Sirs

At the end of the article Tom Thacker is quoted as saying that the ABA will be comparable to the NBA in a few years. First they'd better convince the people of the ABA cities. Indiana and Oakland might be able to draw people, but what about Miami, Houston, New York and the other teams?

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

I've noticed on several occasions that the attendance has been well under 1,000 and even less than 500. Lew Alcindor turned down the ABA because he was thinking of his future. How can they give him a future when they are not even certain of their own? Indians might be a good team and draw people to their games, but a whole league can't be built around one team.

HOWARD GEIGER

Wilmington, Del.

SHADES AND BLINDERS

Sirs:

As a Canadian subscriber to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, I was rather disturbed at the sparse mention given George Knudson in your article on the Masters (*After the Others Had Gone, George Was Left*, April 21). You mentioned Knudson only once while providing us with long-winded descriptions of the other runners-up and Charles Coody.

Your article also implied that Knudson faltered late in the fourth round. This was not so. Knudson was never far off the pace, finishing the tournament as he had started, with fine steady golf. George Knudson did not hide "behind his shades." But he was hidden in your article.

TOM CORNELL

Islington, Ontario

Sirs:

As president of the Foundation For Help to Uneducated Sportswriters, I would like to offer congratulations to Dan Jenkins of your magazine. Mr. Jenkins has been selected as the 1969 winner of the coveted "Unconscious Writer of the Year" award. He exemplified all of the prerequisites necessary in his article on the "giveaway" Masters.

Your ordinary, run-of-the-mill sports-writer would have said something like this: "George Archer, winner of more than \$150,000 on the 1968 tour, with the 1969 Masters Archer, who was never further back than third place during the tournament, stood up under the pressure of competing with one of the greatest, Billy Casper. But it is Archer, the former caddy, who is wearing the green coat now, not Casper (or Palmer or Nicklaus or God, either). Billy Casper didn't lose the 1969 Masters, George Archer was it!"

Mr. Jenkins, however, did not bother with facts but treated Archer like he was a nobody. This was in the best form of an unconscious writer. Many of your writers have come close to this award before, but I am proud to present Mr. Jenkins with this year's trophy, a pair of blinders.

W. C. BRIGHAM JR.

San Jose, Calif.

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